

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 104.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1819.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Journal of Science and the Arts. No. XII. Edited at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. London 1819. 8vo. pp. 402.

This, as well as being the latest, is one of the best Numbers hitherto published of an useful and interesting work. It contains, besides other valuable matters, some good observations on calculous disorders by Mr. Brande, and an excellent description, with plates, of the *Ægina Marbles*, unfortunately purchased for the Crown Prince of Bavaria, and lost to this country, notwithstanding the efforts of the writer, Mr. Cockerell. But our principal inducement to take it up for our review, is to present our readers with the detail of some fearfully curious experiments made on the body of a murderer, after his execution at Glasgow, by Dr. Ure, and of which he read an account to the Literary Society of that city, on the 10th ultimo. After taking a general view of his subject, and arguing that the comparatively slight effects produced in preceding galvanic experiments arose from inattention to the weak contractile movements of the muscular masses through which the energy was directed, and to the necessary distinction between the positive and negative poles of the battery, the learned gentleman quotes the researches of Dr. Wilson Philip (particularly mentioned in the *Philosophical Transactions*), from which it appears that the galvanic energy is capable of supplying the place of the nervous influence, and enabling the stomach to digest food after the nerves subservient to digestion are cut off.* Dr. Ure then proceeds to describe the experiments made (Nov. 4th) on the corpse of the murderer Clydsdale, who was a middle-sized, athletic, and extremely muscular man, about 30 years of age. He had

* The experiments were made on rabbits: those in which the eighth pair of nerves were divided by incisions in the neck speedily died, apparently of suffocation, the food remaining unaltered in their stomachs; but after the same operation was performed, galvanism being transmitted along the nerve below its section to a disc of silver in contact with the skin opposite the stomach, no difficulty of breathing occurred, and the process of digestion was carried on, so long as the experiments were persevered in, as perfectly as in healthy rabbits, whose nerves were uncut!!

VOL. III.

been suspended nearly an hour, but there was no dislocation of the neck: the voltaic battery consisted of 270 pairs of 4 inch plates, with wires of communication, and pointed metallic rods with insulating handles. The appalling phenomena exhibited are thus related:—

Exp. 1. A large incision was made into the nape of the neck, close below the occiput. The posterior half of the *atlas vertebra* was then removed by bone forceps, when the spinal marrow was brought into view. A considerable incision was at the same time made in the left hip, through the great gluteal muscle, so as to bring the sciatic nerve into sight; and a small cut was made in the heel. From neither of these did any blood flow. The pointed rod connected with one end of the battery was now placed in contact with the spinal marrow, while the other rod was applied to the sciatic nerve. Every muscle of the body was immediately agitated with convulsive movements, resembling a violent shuddering from cold. The left side was most powerfully convulsed at each renewal of the electric contact. On moving the second rod from the hip to the heel, the knee being previously bent, the leg was thrown out with such violence as nearly to overturn one of the assistants, who in vain attempted to prevent its extension.

Exp. 2. The left phrenic nerve was now laid bare at the outer edge of the *sternothyroideus* muscle, from three to four inches above the clavicle; the cutaneous incision having been made by the side of the *sterno-cleido-mastoideus*. Since this nerve is distributed to the diaphragm, and since it communicates with the heart through the eighth pair, it was expected, by transmitting the galvanic power along it, that the respiratory process would be renewed. Accordingly, a small incision having been made under the cartilage of the seventh rib, the point of the one insulating rod was brought into contact with the great head of the diaphragm, while the other point was applied to the phrenic nerve in the neck. This muscle, the main agent of respiration, was instantly contracted, but with less force than was expected. Satisfied, from ample experience on the living body, that more powerful effects can be produced in galvanic excitation, by leaving the extreme communicating rods in close contact with the parts to be operated on, while the electric chain or circuit is completed, by running the end of the wires along the top of the plates in the last trough of either pole, the other wire being steadily immersed in the last cell of the opposite pole, I had immediate recourse to this method. The success of it was truly wonderful. Full, nay, laborious breathing, in-

stantly commenced. The chest heaved, and fell; the belly was protruded, and again collapsed, with the relaxing and retreating diaphragm. This process was continued, without interruption, as long as I continued the electric discharges.

In the judgment of many scientific gentlemen who witnessed the scene, this respiratory experiment was perhaps the most striking ever made with the philosophical apparatus. Let it also be remembered, that for full half an hour before this period, the body had been well nigh drained of its blood, and the spinal marrow severely lacerated. No pulsation could be perceived meanwhile at the heart or wrist; but it may be supposed that, but for the evacuation of the blood,—the essential stimulus of that organ,—this phenomenon might also have occurred.

Exp. 3. The supra-orbital nerve was laid bare in the forehead, as it issues through the supra-ciliary foramen, in the eyebrow: the one conducting rod being applied to it, and the other to the heel, most extraordinary grimaces were exhibited every time that the electric discharges were made, by running the wire in my hand along the edges of the last trough, from the 220th to the 227th pair of plates; thus fifty shocks, each greater than the preceding one, were given in two seconds: every muscle in his countenance was simultaneously thrown into fearful action; rage, horror, despair, anguish, and ghastly smiles, united their hideous expression in the murderer's face, surpassing far the wildest representation of a *Fuseli* or a *Kean*. At this period several of the spectators were forced to leave the apartment from terror or sickness, and one gentleman fainted.

Exp. 4. The last galvanic experiment consisted in transmitting the electric power from the spinal marrow to the ulnar nerve, as it passes by the internal condyle at the elbow; the fingers now moved nimbly, like those of a violin performer; an assistant, who tried to close the fist, found the hand to open forcibly, in spite of his efforts. When the one rod was applied to a slight incision in the tip of the fore-finger, the fist being previously clenched, that finger extended instantly; and from the convulsive agitation of the arm, he seemed to point to the different spectators, some of whom thought he had come to life.

Other experiments were added, to ascertain the quantity of residual air in the lungs; but these, though important to science, do not court extract. Dr. Ure seems to conclude that but for the incisions into the blood vessels in the neck and wounds of the spinal marrow of the criminal, life might have been restored!!

An Ode to Scandal; to which are added, Stanzas on Fire. By the late Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan. London 1819. pp. 23.

The publisher of these short poems (Mr. W. Wright) asserts their authenticity, and tells us that the comedy of "The School for Scandal" was founded on the Ode. Not being in the secret either of proprietor or vendor, we cannot take upon ourselves to vouch for or to contradict the accuracy of these statements. All that we can do is to reprint a specimen of the work, and express our opinion of its merits. The Ode to Scandal is altogether rather a clever performance, than one that will confer any glory upon the name of its presumed writer. Indeed it must be a very superior production which can enhance the literary character of Sheridan; and the present is of too slight a fabric to set up any pretensions to that rank. It is nevertheless, as far as it goes, a *jeu d'esprit* not unworthy even of the talents of him to whose pen it is ascribed. The following description of Scandal's scholars is more humorous than remarkable for correctness of language or versification:—

Heaven! Methinks I see thy train
Lightly tripping o'er the plain:
All the alphabet I view,
Stepping forward two by two;—
Hush! for as they coupled walk,
Sure I hear the letters talk;
Though, slowly whispering, half they smother
The well-concerted tales they tell of one another!

"Lord! who'd have thought our cousin D.
Could think of marrying Mrs. E.?
"True, I don't like such things to tell;
"But, faith, I pity Mrs. L.
"And was I her, the bride to vex
"I would intrigue with Mr. X.
"But they do say that Charlotte U.
"With Fanny M. and we know who,
"Occasion'd all, for you must know
"They set their caps at Mr. O.
"And as they courted Mrs. E.
"They thought, if she'd have cousin D.
"That things might be by Colonel A.
"Just brought about in their own way."

To deserve the highest praise, compositions of this class should be polished to the utmost: and it is therefore we are rather inclined to fancy that this Ode was founded on the School for Scandal, than that the School for Scandal was founded on this Ode. Mr. Sheridan would scarcely have committed even the minute inelegancies pointed at by our *italics*, nor, in so short an extract, have recurred to the same literal rhyme on D. and E. Our next quotation is in a better manner, and we may praise it by repeating its own first line.

Oh! How the pleasing style regales my ear:—
But what new forms are those which now appear?
See yonder in the thickest throng
Designing Envy stalks along
Big with malicious laughter;
Fiction and Cunning swell her train,
While stretching far behind,—in vain,
Poor Truth comes panting after!

Now, now indeed, I burn with sacred fires,
'Tis Scandal's self that every thought inspires!
I feel, all potent Genius! now I feel
Thy working magic through each artery steal;
Each moment to my prying eyes
Some fresh disfigured beauties rise;
Each moment I perceive some flaw,
That e'en ill-natures never saw.

But hush! some airy whisperer hints,
In accents wisely faint,
"Divine Cleora rather squints:
"Maria uses paint!"

"That though some fops of Celia prate,
"Yet be not hers the praise;
"For, if she should be passing straight,
"Hem! she may thank her stays.

"Each fool of Delia's figure talks,
"And celebrates her fame;
"But for my part, whene'er she walks,
"I vow I think she's lame.

"And see Ma'am Harriet toss her head,
"Lawk! how the creature stares:
"Well, well, thank Heavens, it can't be said
"I give myself such airs."

A personification of Candour (not Mrs. Candour) follows; and an episode of an artless girl destroyed by the poisonous breath of slander, which concludes rather impotently;

Or mute on the pathway she gazes,
And weeps as she scatters her daisies;
Or else in a strain, more distractingly loud,
She chants the sad thoughts of her fancy,
And shivers and sings of her cold shroud.
Alas! alas, poor Nancy!

It would be unjust to so small a publication to deprive it of novelty by copying much more of it, and we only add the just and pretty lines with which the Ode concludes:

To Woman every charm was given,
Designed by all-indulgent Heaven
To soften care;
For ye were formed to bless mankind,
To harmonize and soothe the mind:
Indeed, indeed, ye were.

But when from those sweet lips we hear
Ill-nature's whisper, Envy's sneer,
Your power that moment dies:
Each coxcomb makes your name his sport,
And fools, when angry, will retort
What men of sense despise.

Leave then, such vain disputes as these,
And take a nobler road to please,
Let Candour guide your way;
So shall you daily conquests gain,
And Captives, happy in your chain,
Be proud to own your sway.

As it may be a matter of curiosity to some of our readers, we subjoin a fac-

simile of Mr. Sheridan's signature attached to this Ode.



There is nothing brilliant in the Stanzas on Fire.

Horace Walpole's Letters to the Rev. W. Cole. 4to. pp. 259.
(Concluded.)

We take up our pen to add a few further extracts to our review of this entertaining volume.

On a visit to Berkeley Castle, Mr. Walpole says,

The room shewn for the murder of Edward 2d, and the shrieks of an agonizing king, I verily believe to be genuine. It is a dismal chamber, almost at top of the house, quite detached, and to be approached only by a kind of foot-bridge, and from that descends a large flight of steps that terminate on strong gates; exactly a situation for a *corps de garde*. In that room they shew you a cast of a face in plaster, and tell you it was taken from Edward's. I was not quite so easy of faith about that: for it is evidently the face of Charles I.

The steeple of the church, lately rebuilt handsomely, stands some paces from the body; in the latter are three tombs of the old Berkeleys, with cumbent figures. The wife of the lord Berkeley, who was supposed to be privy to the murder, has a curious head-gear; it is like a long horse-shoe, quilted in quatrefoils; and like lord Foppington's wig, allows no more than the breadth of a half-crown to be discovered of the face.

Though an antiquarian himself, our Author laughed at the pursuit generally, and especially at those branches which he did not care for.

I bought (says he, June 1775.) the first volume of Manchester, but could not read it; it was much too learned for me, and seemed rather an account of Babel than Manchester, I mean in point of antiquity. To be sure, it is very kind in an author to promise one the history of a country town, and give one a circumstantial account of the antediluvian world into the bargain. But I am simple and ignorant, and desire no more than I pay for. And then for my progenitors, Noah and the Saxons, I have no curiosity about them. Bishop Lyttleton used to plague me to death about barrows, and tumuli, and Roman camps, and all those bumps in the ground that do not amount to a most imperfect ichnography; but, in good truth, I am content with all arts when perfected, nor inquire how ingeniously people contrived to do without them—and I care still less for remains of art that retain no vestiges of art. Mr. Bryant, who is sublime in unknown knowledge, diverted me more, yet I have not

finished this work, no more than he has. There is a great ingenuity in discovering all history (though it has never been written) by etymologies. Nay, he convinced me that the Greeks had totally mistaken all they went to learn in Egypt, &c. by doing, as the French do still, judge wrong by the ear—but as I have been trying now and then for above forty years to learn something, I have not time to unlearn it all again, though I allow this is our best sort of knowledge. If I should die when I am not clear in the history of the world below its first three thousand years, I should be at a sad loss on meeting with Homer and Hesiod, or any of those *moderns* in the Elysian fields, before I know what I ought to think of them.

Pray do not betray my ignorance: the Reviewers and such literati have called me a *learned and ingenious gentleman*. I am sorry they ever heard my name; but don't let them know how irreverently I speak of the erudite, whom I dare say they admire. These wasps, I suppose, will be very angry at the just contempt Mr. Gray had for them, and will, as insects do, attempt to sting, in hopes that their twopenny readers will suck a little venom from the momentary tremor they raise;—but good night—and once more thank you for the prints.

Indeed Mr. Walpole seems to have a sort of antipathy against authors, as well as against periodical literature. He anathematizes the Newspapers, and exclaims against almost every writer who has not propitiated his feeling into an exception by personal acquaintance. Mr. Granger was one of these exceptions.

You will be concerned, my good sir, for what I have this minute heard from his nephew, that poor Mr. Granger was seized at the communion table on Sunday with an apoplexy, and died yesterday morning at five. I have answered the letter with a word of advice about his MSS. that they may not fall into the hands of booksellers. He had been told by idle people so many gossiping stories, that it would hurt him and bring persons, if all his collections were to be printed; for as he was incapable of telling an untruth himself, he suspected nobody else—too great goodness in a biographer.

Dr. Farmer was another.

I shall not only (May 4, 1781) be ready to shew Strawberry-hill, at any time he chuses, to Dr. Farmer, as your friend, but to be honoured with his acquaintance; though I am very shy now of contracting new. I have great respect for his character and abilities, and judicious taste; and am very clear that he has elucidated Shakspeare in a more reasonable and satisfactory manner, than any of his affected commentators, who only complimented him with learning that he had not, in order to display their own.

The following passage, written forty years ago, is prophetic:—

I am sorry Dr. E.—n has got into such a dirty scrape. There is scarce any decent medium observed at present between wasting fortunes and fabricating them—and both by any disreputable manner; for as to saving money by prudent economy, the method is too slow in proportion to consumptions; even forgery, alas! seems to be the counterpart or restorative of the ruin by gaming. I hope at least that robbery on the highway will go out of fashion, as too piddling a profession for gentlemen.

We shall extract but one letter more from this amusing book, but we are sure our specimens are of that light and recommendatory class which will render our readers unwilling to be content with merely our "brief abstract and chronicle."

October 14., 1778.

I think you take in no newspapers, nor I believe condescend to read any more modern than the *Paris à la Main* at the time of the Ligue—consequently you have not seen a new scandal on my father, which you will not wonder offends me. You cannot be interested in his defence; but, as it comprehends some very curious anecdotes, you will not grudge my indulging myself to a friend in vindicating a name so dear to me.

In the accounts of Lady Chesterfield's death and fortune, it is said that the late king, at the instigation of Sir R. W. burnt his father's will, which contained a large legacy to that his supposed daughter, and I believe his real one, for she was very like him, as her brother, General Schuembourg, is in black to the late king. The fact of suppressing the will is indubitably true, the instigator most false, as I can demonstrate thus:—

When the news arrived of the death of George 1st, my father carried the account from Lord Townshend to the then Prince of Wales. One of the first acts of royalty is for the new monarch to make a speech to the privy council. Sir Robert asked the king who he would please to have draw the speech, which was, in fact, asking, who was to be prime minister; to which his Majesty replied—Sir Spencer Compton. It is a wonderful anecdote, and but little known, that the new premier, a very dull man, could not draw the speech, and the person to whom he applied was the deposed premier. The Queen, who favoured my father, observed how unfit a man was for successor, who was reduced to beg assistance of his predecessor. The council met as soon as possible, the next morning at latest. There Archbishop Wake, with whom one copy of the will had been deposited, (as another was, I think, with the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, who had a pension for sacrificing it, which, I know, the late Duke of Newcastle transacted) advanced, and delivered the will to the King, who put it into his pocket, and went out of council without opening it, the Archbishop not

having courage or presence of mind to desire it to be read, as he ought to have done.

These circumstances, which I solemnly assure you are strictly true, prove that my father neither advised, nor was consulted; nor is it credible that the King in one night's time should have passed from the intention of disgracing him, to make him his bosom confidant on so delicate an affair.

I was once talking to the late Lady Suffolk, the former mistress, on that extraordinary event. She said, "I cannot justify the deed to the legatees, but towards his father the late king was justifiable; for George the first had burnt two wills made in favour of George the second." I suppose they were the testaments of the Duke and Duchess of Zell, parents of George the first's wife, whose treatment of her they always resented.

I said, I know the transaction of the Duke of N. The late Lord Waldegrave shewed me a letter from that Duke to the first Earl of Waldegrave, then Ambassador at Paris, with directions about that transaction, or, at least, about payment of the pension, I forget which. I have somewhere, but cannot turn to it now, a memorandum of that affair, and who the Prince was, whom I may mistake in calling Duke of Wolfenbuttle. There was a third copy of the will, I likewise forget with whom deposited.

The newspaper says, which is true, that Lord Chesterfield filed a bill in chancery against the late king, to oblige him to produce the will, and was silenced, I think, by payment of 20,000*l.* There was another legacy to his own daughter, the Queen of Prussia, which has at times been, and, I believe, is still claimed by the King of Prussia.

Do not mention any part of this story, but it is worth preserving, as I am sure you are satisfied with my scrupulous veracity. It may perhaps be authenticated hereafter by collateral evidence that may come out. If ever true history does come to light, my father's character will have just honour paid to it. Lord Chesterfield, one of his sharpest enemies, has not, with all his prejudices, left a very unfavourable account of him, and it would alone be raised by a comparison of their two characters. Think of one who calls Sir Robert the corrupter of youth, leaving a system of education to poison them from their nursery! Chesterfield, Pulteney and Bolingbroke were the saints that reviled my father!

I beg your pardon, but you will allow me to open my heart to you when it is full.

Yours ever.

ANTAR, a Bedoueen Romance, &c.

(Continued.)

Antar having obtained the famous horse Abjer, at the price of the whole plunder, to only one fourth part of which he had a right, is challenged by Ghagath

* Alluding to Dr. Dodd.

for this act of power, and it is curious to see how in all ages and all countries the strong resort to the same arguments to justify injustice. Antar avows that he bought his horse with the spoil, by which, says he,

"I have established your honour and credit in the tribe; because I saw the owner was a man of worth, and jealous of the honour of women, gracious and liberal minded: I was therefore anxious to equal him in propriety of conduct, and would not leave behind us in this land, the remembrance of a foul action, and be a scandal amongst Arabs. It is the most ignominious of deeds to take prisoners free-born women; and besides this, the spacious plain is open before us, and the Lord God is the bestower of all things, and the taker away; he is the distributor of every thing, and God forbid he should send us back without a reward."

This Rob-Roy-ish morality (which we confess we cannot defend even in our favourite, whose perceptions of right and wrong seem to have been oddly altered by the possession of the steed he so coveted)—this casuistry did not satisfy Ghegadh, who got nothing by it. A desperate affray was about to ensue, in which the sword of our hero would have proved more convincing than his reasoning, but his terrible demeanour so frightened his adversaries that they thought it advisable to flatter him in order to secure his assistance in other depredations. Their next exploit was to attack the escort of a bride, carried in her howdah, "the daughter of Yezid, the son of Handhalah, surnamed the Blood-drinker, the chief of all the princes of Tey," and the betrothed of "Nakid the son of Jellah, a warlike and bold horseman, the protector of the race of Marah." Of the escort, Antar slew sixty, and five fled to the right, and five to the left.

Here was fine work, and plenty of it, cut out for our friend; but he delighted in battle, and thus curiously sings on the occasion:—

When my foes sue me for a debt, I settle the debt with the Redeinian spear: * My scimitar's edge shall extirpate ye all, and shall justly decide between you and me. I am exalted by my sword and spear far above the minutest stars of the two Bears. Foul wretches! ye know not my power, but the inhabitants of the two hemispheres shall feel it. The grasp of fortune has not destroyed my strength, and the fingers of time have not been stretched out against me. Many a horseman have I left sprawling, his cheeks grovelling, his hands dyed in blood, whilst the birds of death hover round him; and the magpies assemble over his corpse.

* Redeini, the name of the wife of a famous Spearman. — Richardson.

In succeeding conflicts, he defeats Yezid with his Tayans, and Nakid at the head of 5000 of the tribe of Maan, killing 900 of the latter, and cutting their leader in two "as if by a scale"! In the midst of this supernatural exploit, his firm friend Prince Malik arrives, and tells him that King Zoheir has prevailed on his father Shedad to acknowledge him, and give him a chieftain's name and place in the tribe of Abs: Antar consequently returns home, covered with renown, and full of hope in his love for Ibla, of whom his song runs thus:—

Slimly made is she, and the magic of her eye preserves the bones of a corpse from entering the tomb. The Sun as it sets, turns towards her, and says, Darkness obscures the land, do thou rise in my absence; and the brilliant Moon calls out to her, Come forth, for thy face is like me when I am at the full, and in all my glory! She draws her sword from the glances of her eye-lashes, sharp and penetrating as the sword of her forefathers, and with it her eyes commit murder, though it be sheathed: is it not surprising that a sheathed sword should be so sharp against its victims! Graceful is every limb, slender her waist, love-beaming are her glances, waving is her form. The damsel passes the night with musk under her veil, and its fragrance is increased by the still fresher essence of her breath. The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets night itself is driven away. When she smiles, between her teeth is a moisture composed of wine, of rain, and of honey.

This song, with more of hyperbole and eastern imagery, wants the nature and poetry of some of the others; but we quote it rather as an example of the style of these compositions than as ascribing to it a foremost place. Antar is well received on his return home; but his inveterate enemies, still bent on his ruin, resolve to marry his beloved Ibla. But we must defer this part of the story to give an account of the sword which our hero obtained, and which cannot be read without strongly reminding us of similar matters, both in ancient mythology and in the earliest periods of Romance—almost proving indeed the derivation of the latter from Arabia. In one of his expeditions, Antar sees two horsemen engaged in single combat: he interferes, and finding they are brothers, inquires into the cause of strife, which the younger relates. They are descended from Teba, who questioning his herdsman about a favourite camel which was lost,

One of them then said, Know, my Lord, this camel strayed away from the pasture; I followed behind it, and it still continued to run away, and I after it, till I became

tired, and perceiving that it lagged behind, I stretched out my hand and took up a stone, black in appearance, like a hard rock, brilliant and sparkling. I struck the camel with it, and it hit the camel on the right side, and issued out on the left, and the camel fell to the ground dead. On coming up to it I found the stone by its side, and the camel was weltering in its blood.

This stone turns out to be a thunder-bolt, which Teba gave to a blacksmith and ordered him to make a sword of it. Well has it been said, there is nothing new under the sun: we have here the Arabs, a thousand years ago, like the Esquimaux discovered only a few months since by Captain Ross, the former making swords, and the latter knives of acrolites! The coincidence is singular. But to return to the sword, which the Artisan formed "two cubits long and two spans wide;" and, poor fellow! got ill rewarded for his labour, as the relator adds—

My ancestor received it, and was greatly pleased when he saw it, and turned towards the Blacksmith and said, What name have you given it? So the Blacksmith repeated this distich: "The sword is sharp, O son of the tribe of Ghalib, sharp indeed, but where is the striker for the sword?" And my ancestor waved the sword with his hand, and said, As to the smiter, I am the smiter; and struck off the head of the Blacksmith, and separated it from his body. He then cased it with gold, and called it Dhami, on account of its sharpness.

This heir-loom had come down to the father of the combatants, who foreseeing the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of his first-born son, gave the sword to the youngest to conceal, telling him that if his brother seized on all, he would still find a treasure in the sword, by presenting it to Nashirvan King of Persia, or to the "Emperor of Europe." The legatee had buried it, about the spot where he was now fighting, and not being able to find it again, the contest arose which Antar had interrupted. Antar speedily dispatches the oppressor by a thrust of his spear "ten spans through his back," and sends the younger brother home in safety.

But Antar fixed his spear in the ground and dismounted from Abjer, and sat down to rest himself; and as he was moving the sand with his fingers, he touched a stone; on removing what was about it, behold! the sword the youth had been seeking.

Having thus obtained a sword, Dhami, "of the metal of Amalec, like a thunderbolt," as famous as his steed Abjer, our hero pursued his marvellous adventures.

The husband selected for Ibla is an

original we scarcely expected to meet with in such a work—a sort of Arab Dandy, of the name of Amarah, and her cousin.

He was one of the nobles, but a great coxcomb, was very particular in his dress, fond of perfumes, and always keeping company with the women and young girls.

He sends a female slave to ascertain if the songs of Antar truly describe the beauty of the fair, with whom, "as the Poet says, his ears fell in love before his eyes." Her report being highly favourable;

At this his heart fluttered, he was agitated, he instantly leaped up, and put on his best clothes, and perfumed himself all over, and let his hair float down his shoulders, and mounted a white-faced horse, and set out for the habitation of the tribe of Carad.

He is a thriving wooer, for Malik instantly "stretches forth his hand," and promises to give him his daughter in marriage; and so precipitately is the business hurried on, that the match is almost completed when Antar arrives. He meets Amarah in the quarter of the tribe of Carad.

He had been that night consulting with Malik, Ibla's father, about the marriage, and in the morning was returning home followed by his attendants. He was riding in a most affected coxcomical manner; and as soon as he saw Antar he trembled, and was in great dismay: however, he plucked up courage, and let his tongue run glibly on. Son of Shedad, said he, where wert thou last night? thy masters were seeking thee; for I was there with them, and having heard of thy talent for eloquence, it was my intention to give thee a robe suitable to such as thou art. On hearing this, the light became dark in Antar's eyes; he came up to him—Amarah, he exclaimed, I am not worthy of receiving a robe or present from thee; but when thou enterest into my mistress Ibla, the daughter of Malik, verily, vile wretch, I will wrench thy neck off thy shoulders; I will curse thy family and thy parents, and I will make thine the most fatal of marriages. And Antar ran close up to Amarah, and seized him by the waist, heaved him up in his hand till he had raised him above his head, and then dashed him on the ground, and almost smashed his bones. Amarah fainted with fright, and gave unfeigned signs of cowardice and alarm.

This hint had its effect, but we must postpone the sequel.

A Nineteenth Century, and familiar History of the Loves, Lives, and Misfortunes of Abeillard and Heloise, &c. In twelve Cantos. By Robert Rabelais the Younger. London 1819. 8vo. pp. 384!!

Our readers know, though not to the extent which we unhappily do, that there

is a vast quantity of poetry, or lines arranged in the shape of poetry, with, sometimes, sorts of bad rhymes tacked to the end of them, and at other times merely purporting to be what they literally are, *Blank verse*, given almost daily to the world in these scribbling times. It is one of our heaviest tasks to go through a fair proportion (if there be any fairness in them) of these light productions; and we are often moved, though of most philosophical tempers, to exclaim with the satirist,

"Your easy writing's d—d hard reading."

But it is seldom that our patience has been more severely tried than by the volume before us. *Ten thousand lines* of stupid doggerel! Why, the Job or the Griselda is unborn who could perform such a labour as their bona fide perusal! A page is a punishment for naughty boys at school to repeat in expiation of any offence, and six pages would be penance enough for the utmost mischief that ever luckless and unsteady wight committed. We would recommend the book to teachers for this use; but are restrained by the little dull obscenities it contains, which might perhaps do no good to the morals of the rising generation. Not that our modern Rabelais is worthy of the name he assumes, even on the score of impurity: he is equally free from the piquancy and the wit of his prototype; guiltless alike of his learning, his humour, and his genius, and far distant from that grossness which he durst only humbly imitate in modern days.

Conceiving this book to be as pernicious as it is tiresome, we deem it our indispensable duty to enter our early protest against it, especially as its title and some pretty engravings are calculated to catch the general eye. Burlesques and travesties to be at all tolerable, must in the first place be founded on a great preceding subject; in the second place, be not too much prolonged; in the third place, be witty; and in the fourth place, form entertaining associations of ideas with the original. In all these requisites this Abeillard and Heloise is lamentably defective. Its ground-work is barely sufficient for a few pages of parody (such as we have seen on Pope's Poem, exquisitely but indecorously done by the late Professor Porson,) and could not, with fifty times the writer's talent, be enduringly spun out to twelve long cantos. Of wit there is no particle, and of ludicrous association with the ancient tale, we can discover no traces.

The infinitely better written Travestie of Homer's Iliad, has fallen into obli-

vion from its length; though either for ability or tediousness it is an insult to it to mention it in the same paragraph with this new effort; and even Cotton's Virgil, the model for such productions, while men tolerate indecency and filthiness for the sake of the perverted genius occasionally connected with them, is now little sought after. How then could this Mr. Rabelais the Younger hope that his trash could meet with public approbation or encouragement?—trash which has nothing to recommend it, but is as soporific as it is paltry, as senseless as it is tiresome, and as destitute of point as it is trite and unmeaning.

We do not think it necessary to give any further account of such a piece of ribaldry, but shall subjoin merely one passage, taken at random, as an example of the whole tissue of stuff.

It's mighty disagreeable
Not to be, at all times, able
To pass o'er matters we don't like!
A truth so great, it all must strike.
—But first, our Hero had prevail'd
In Wedlock's wedge to get dore-tall'd;
For LOUEY could refuse him nothing.
Although, the ceremony loathing,
Was led reluctant à Paris,
Where for a very trifling fee,
They married were—but privately;
Yet it (as usual) soon got wind,
All Paris, be'ng so vastly kind,
Came complimenting now the pair,
Which much vexed her, and made him stare.—

Eheu jam satis!—How would readers like to read four hundred pages of such wretched buffonery as this, none of it better and much of it worse? We claim their gratitude for having done so much for their sakes, and with the only sensation of pleasure this volume has occasioned us, consign it to the trunk-liners and pastry-cooks.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR DECEMBER 1818.

(Continued.)

Art. V.—Essais Historiques sur le Béarn,
par M. Fagel de Baure.

This work, published a few months after the Author's death, is a monument of his patriotism, and of his profound study of the annals of Béarn. The learned history of Béarn, by De Marca, does not come down lower than the 13th century, contains a great deal of extraneous matter, and, being composed before the year 1640, the diction may sometimes appear antiquated, though it is more deficient in perspicuity and precision. There was, therefore, reason to present to the public, particularly to the Béarnais, a new history of the country, at once shorter and more complete, more methodical, and more accessible to the generality of readers. M. F. de Baure seems to have succeeded in attaining this end. He distinguishes five families, who have successively reigned in Béarn. He calls the first

the House of Béarn or Clovis; the four others are those of Moncade, Foix, Albret, and Bourbon; and the five books of his work correspond with these five series of Princes.

We think it needless to enter into any further account of this work, which, though highly valuable to the Author's countrymen, and to those whose studies may lead them to take an interest in the subject, seems not to possess much attraction for the general reader.

Art. VI. *Fundgruben des Orients*;—that is, *Mines of the East*. Vol. V. Vienna. Folio.

The articles composing this volume are so very numerous, that, though many of them are highly interesting to the lovers of oriental learning, it is not possible for us to insert a catalogue. The *Journal des Savans* has given only a list of part of them, and a short account of some of the principal. As an analysis of this critique would be extremely dry and unsatisfactory, we shall merely say, that among the contributors to this volume we find the names of Baron Silvestre de Sacy, M. Joseph Von Hammer, M. Jourdain, Dr. Munter Bishop of Copenhagen, M. Gunther Wahl, M. Grangeret de la Grange, Professor Froehel of Rostock, M. Quatremere, &c. Among the principal articles are the "Poem of Ascha," (Meimoun ben Kais,) with the translation and critical notes, preceded by an historical account of this poet by M. Silvestre de Sacy;—Fragment of the Turkish Book called "On the Dignity of Man," of which Lamai is the author, with an introduction, and a translation in German, by M. Von Hammer;—Specimens of a translation of *Scheh-naméh*, in German, with the Persian text, and critical and historical notes, by M. S. Fr. Gunther Wahl. M. Wahl (says M. Silvestre de Sacy, the reviewer) has long been employed on a complete translation of the *Scheh-naméh*; and assuredly there are few persons who possess, in a higher degree than he does, the literary qualifications necessary for such an undertaking.—The Doctrine of the Lower World among the Egyptians, by M. Von Hammer. As we have given our readers (in Nos. 55 and 56 of the Literary Gazette) a complete translation of this most interesting and ingenious Essay, we shall merely add that M. de Sacy remarks, that it is difficult not to join in the opinion of M. Von Hammer, respecting the general meaning and the *ensemble* of the pictures, though, in the details, some of the explanations are liable to dispute.—*Explicatio tabulae characteres cuneiformes ex tertii quatuorve scriptura recentioris*. The Author of this Memoir proposes principally to shew, that of the five sorts of cuneiform writing hitherto observed, viz. three on the Ruins of Persepolis, and two on the Babylonian Monuments, the third Persepolitan sort differs but little from the first Babylonian. Hence he deduces inferences, which it were to be wished that some happy chance might enable us to appreciate. Not-

withstanding the efforts of several learned men, and even notwithstanding those of M. Grotefende, we persist (says M. de Sacy) in thinking that the veil which covers these ancient writings is not yet raised.

Art. VII. *Storia della Scultura*, &c. that is, *The History of Sculpture*, from its rise in Italy, till the 19th century; to serve as a continuation of the Works of Winckelmann, and of D'Agincourt. Vol. III. Folio. (See, for some account of the two first vols. *Literary Gazette*, No. 8.)

(First Article.)

When we see a great number of works, principally on the Arts, announced in magnificent prospectuses as works already finished, subscriptions obtained, and, when some numbers have been published, dropped at once, and remaining incomplete in the portfolio of the amateur, we must be obliged to M. Cicognara for having completed, and in so short a time too, the three volumes, in folio, of his *History of Modern Sculpture*. The second volume brought down the history of Sculpture to the end of the 16th century. The third volume begins with the 17th, and consists of two books, divided into chapters.

The multiplicity of points of view presented by the vast subject which the Author has chosen, is such, that each of his chapters might form a work of itself, and if, in reading his remarks, we find them somewhat diffuse, if we sometimes think we meet with repetitions, it is because each of the periods which he goes through gives him occasion to enter into critical considerations, which resemble each other in kind, though very different in their species and applications. Besides, so voluminous a work is not destined to be perused at once; this is an observation which deserves to be impressed upon the reader, who, then, far from complaining of the redundancy which may be found in the whole, will be charmed, when confining himself to a partial reading, to find each part treated as a whole.*

This view may be applied to the first and second chapters, entitled, "On the State of Italy, and of Study, from the 16th to the 17th century;" and "On the Italian Sculptors who flourished at the end of the 16th and the commencement of the 17th century, and observations on the principal causes of the decline of the Arts."

In these two chapters, M. Cicognara passes in review all the causes which may explain the changes that took place in Italy, in the state of Taste, and in the cultivation of the different Arts. Among these causes he reckons the passive situation to which Italy was reduced, after having performed so active a part in the preceding age; a proof that a state of peace is not always favourable to the genius of the Arts. He shews, that in those countries of Italy, where the Arts had flourished in the 16th century, the Sovereigns were not such zealous and ardent lovers of them; that in this age the

* This seems a curious apology for repetitions. —Ed.

empire of genius seemed to have been transferred to France; that in Italy the human mind took another direction, namely, that of philosophy and the mathematical sciences; that at this time Galileo, Torricelli, Viviani, Borelli, Cassini, flourished; that the spirit of the abstract Sciences is not easily allied with that of the Arts and of Literature, because, as much as it is in the nature and interest of the first always to aim at new discoveries, so is this search after novelty in an equal degree prejudicial to the second; that hence is introduced into Literature the mania of *bel esprit* of *Concetti*, of which Marini, the most celebrated in this age, gave the models; lastly, that in this period there were fewer and less important occasions to employ the Arts in a manner favourable to them.

The Author, however, does not fail to praise the merit and the glory of the Bolognese School, which was formed about this epoch; but as the taste of this school, less pure, less learned, more remote from the models and the style of antiquity, gave more scope to the freedom of the pencil, and by degrees favoured the inventions peculiarly adapted to that licentious, brilliant, and bold manner of painting, which was so much in vogue in this era, he finds in it also the germ of the corruption of taste in Sculpture.

In antiquity, and in the first age of art among the moderns, Sculpture, the style of composition in that art, and the simplicity of invention which nature seems to have imposed on it as a law, had always served to regulate Painting. Michael Angelo had begun to give to his sculptured figures, whether naked or draped, something of the broad and rather *bizarre* taste of his paintings. The imitators of that great man excelled him only in his defects. The School of Bologna soon widened all the roads which were to carry painting out of its ancient limits. Pietro da Cortona, Carlo Maratti, Luca Giordano, soon dazzled all eyes by prodigies of facility, by compositions, in which the pencil, as rapid as the pen of the writer, seemed to *extemporize* the most vast subjects. It was a general enchantment, and all the arts felt the effects of this species of magic.

The taste of antique Sculpture appeared to be only weakness and timidity; the style of Raphael was reputed to be that of the infancy of the art. The Sculptors took for their models the style of drapery, of design, and composition, of the fashionable Painters. They pretended to make pictures with bas-reliefs: hence the picturesque groups, the distorted attitudes, the forced characters, the hard draperies, and that execution where effect was substituted for the true expression of nature.

It is to this unhappy imitation that M. Cicognara attributes, with great reason, the decline of Sculpture in the 16th and 17th centuries; a decline which was common to all the other Arts, and was sensibly remarked in Architecture. The vast church of St. Peter appears to him a striking evidence of this theory, as it is in itself almost

a complete epitome of the history of the Art. Commenced by Bramante in the 16th century, it was finished in the 17th by Charles Maderne, and it was Bernini who in some measure, by the great works with which he adorned it, finally impressed upon it the character of his taste.

M. Cicognara employs the greatest part of his third chapter on the life and works of this celebrated artist. It would be too long, and perhaps superfluous to follow the details of this critical history. Nothing is better known than the great works of Bernini, and no criticism is to be offered upon them, which is not to be found in all works on the subject, and in the mouth of every body conversant with it. M. Cicognara, as an historian, was of course obliged to expatiate on every thing that the interest of the Art required of him, and we acknowledge with pleasure that he has perfectly succeeded in judging of this important period, in showing the influence of the revolution effected by Bernini, and in analysing the genius of a man, whom nature had endowed with all the qualities which would have made him the greatest of all Statuaries, had he not had the ambition to be an innovator, and in some measure the head of a sect rather than of a school.

The most celebrated sculptors of this period are those reviewed by M. Cicognara, and judged of with much discernment from their principal works.

At their head is Algardi, with his famous bas-relief of Attila, the largest without doubt that ever was made; but which, after having passed in his own times for the greatest effort of the art, for the *ne plus ultra* of what it can do, has long been considered as the best demonstration of what it ought not to attempt.

After Algardi comes Francis Flamand, so well known for his models of children. But the two great works on which his reputation is founded, are his St. Susannah, and his colossal figure of St. Andrew, in one of the four great niches in the dome of St. Peter, which is considered as the best of the colossal statues in St. Peter's Church.

These two celebrated Sculptors, though they participated in the taste of their times, must not be considered as followers of the manner of Bernini; they were rather his rivals, and even his antagonists. There is a sensible difference between their tastes and that of Bernini, though they cherished in common the false principle of the imitation of painting. This difference resulted from the manner and style of the painters whom these several Sculptors chose for their models. Algardi and F. Flamand were far from adopting the caprices of a strange and licentious style of painting. Unhappily, they were eclipsed by the prodigious splendour of the reputation of Bernini, who filled Europe with his disciples, and whose school became universal. M. Cicognara defers the history of it to the following chapter; and we also defer to our next article, the remainder of the extract from

this part of the History of Sculpture in the 17th Century.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ACCOUNT OF AN ANCIENT GERMAN POEM.

It is well known that the German Literature have within these few years paid great attention to the ancient treasures of their literature, and that several MSS. of ancient poems have been brought to light partly more perfect than those before known, and partly poems which were never before heard of. We mean to give our readers an account, which has been communicated to us, of one of the latter, which was discovered at Vienna. The Imperial Ambras Collection, as it is called, possesses a parchment MS. of a poem, of the beginning of the 16th century: it is in perfect preservation, and is adorned in the margin with flowers and figures painted with extraordinary care. That the MS. is of the 16th century is proved partly by the form of the letters, and partly by the inscription 1517 on one of the pictures. The first letters are gilt, each page contains three columns, the beginning of each stanza is marked alternately by a red or blue letter. This MS. contains, besides several other old German poems, already known, an epic poem, which is inscribed

Ditz puch ist von Chautrum.

This book is about Chautrum. It entirely fills 27 folio leaves, and is therefore longer than the "Nibelungen," which fills only 22 leaves of the same codex, written in the same character, and with blank spaces for the passages left out. The language and measure of the verse resemble those of the "Nibelungen," only the form of the words and the orthography in Chautrum, as well as in the "Nibelungen" (in this MS.) are for the most part modernised, and such as were usual in the 15th century. The poem itself is however undoubtedly much older.

The name of the heroine first occurs in the 9th adventure, and is written in the sequel in various ways: Chautrum, Chautrum, Chautrumb, Chutrum, Chutrun, &c. It is certainly of Northern origin, as well as the whole story, the scene of which is laid in Ireland (Eyerlandt,) Norway (Norwage,) Denmark (Tennemarche,) Normandy (Ormanielandt, also Normandie.) Many of the other proper names are well known, such as Ger, Hagene, Vte, Seyfried. Instead of the dry superscriptions of the adventures, we subjoin briefly the contents of the poem.

1. Sigeband in Ireland marries a Princess of Norway. She bears him a son, whom he calls Hagene. At a tournament, a griffin carries off young Hagene. 2. And bears him through the air to its nest and to its young, one of which lets the boy fall. Being thus delivered, he comes happily to three royal Virgins, who (also carried off by griffins) dwell in a cavern, and subsist on roots. Hagene becomes uncommonly strong. A ship reaches the neighbourhood, and at their request takes them on board.

3. Hagene returns to his own country. 4. He marries Hilde, and has by her a daughter, who is likewise named Hilde, and whom he will give to nobody who is weaker than himself. 5. Hettel, King of Hegelingenland, sues for the hand of Hilde. The ambassadors, Wate, Horant, and Frute, giving themselves out for rich merchants, are hospitably received. 6. Horant, an excellent singer, contrives secretly to procure access to the fair Hilde, and to make her acquainted with Hettel's love. 7. The ambassadors, under pretence of shewing their rich goods, try to entice the King with his daughter to their ships. The stratagem succeeds. While the King's attention is taken up with the rich goods displayed on the beach, the fair Hilde is quickly separated from her mother, and conveyed on board the ship: the strangers sail away with their booty. The incensed father arms with the greatest speed to pursue the ravishers. Hettel receives the bride with her twenty women, among whom is Hildeburg of Portugal. 8. Now Hagene also lands with his Irish. After a severe battle, in which Hagene first wounds Hettel, and is then wounded in his turn by Wate, who has hastened to the spot, peace is concluded, and the Kings, being reconciled, celebrate the marriage in Hettel's country, after which Hagene returns home. 9. Hettel has by his wife two children, a son Ortwein, and a daughter Chautrum. The fame of the extraordinary beauty of the Princess, induces Seyfried of Morland, 10. and Hartmuth of Normandy, but without success, to sue for her hand. 11. Herwig of Sealand, a neighbouring Prince, also seeks the hand of the fair Chautrum, which is refused to him as well as to Hartmuth. 12. Herwig collects a little army, and attacks Hettel's fortress. His bravery excites the admiration even of the King. At the request of Chautrum, who is as much in fear for the handsome enemy as for her father, an end is put to the combat. The King recognises the inclination of his daughter, and Herwig obtains her hand, but on the condition that he shall first make himself worthy of the crown. Seyfried of Morland now arms against Herwig of Sealand. The latter is already in the greatest danger of sinking under the superiority of the enemy, when the wished-for aid of the Hegelingians arrives, and blocks up the enemy in the fortress. 13. Meantime Hartmuth and his father Ludwig (Lewis) take advantage of the absence of King Hettel and his army, to fall on the defenceless Hegelingians. 14. The city (Matelane) is burnt, and Chautrum, with Hildeburg, and many women, carried off. 15. Hettel concludes peace, and an alliance with his blockaded enemy, Seyfried, to pursue the ravishers. 16. The Hegelingians and their ally Seyfried overtake the ravishers. Battle on the shore, (on the Volpensand.) 17. Ludwig kills Hettel in single combat. Favoured by the night, Ludwig and his people continue their return home. 18. Hettel's death, and the great loss of men, render it impossible to

pursue any farther. The Knights, on their return home, promise Queen Hilde to revenge the death of the King, and to deliver her daughter from the ravishers, as soon as the loss of men sustained in the last battle can be supplied by the growing up of the youth. 19. Meantime the enemy arrive with their booty in their own country. Nothing can induce Chautrum to break her faith to Herwig, and give her hand to Hartmuth, who himself disapproves of the harshness of his parents to Chautrum. 20. Gerlinde, Hartmuth's mother, condemns Chautrum to the mean service of washing the clothes of the knights on the sea shore. 21. After a lapse of thirteen years, the Hegelingians arm to execute the revenge which they had sworn. A large army, under the command of Horant, sails to Normandy. 22. Ortwein and Herwig, the brother and bridegroom of Chautrum, resolve to go on shore as spies. 23. Chautrum learns by a vision that her deliverance is at hand. 24. Chautrum, and her friend Hildeburg, speak on the sea-shore to the strangers, without being known, till at length Herwig, having shewn them his bridal ring, recognises his affianced bride by hers. The two knights return to their army, which is still concealed. Chautrum, animated by noble pride, throws all the clothes into the sea. For this Gerlinde orders that she shall be punished with rods. But, confiding in the certainty of her deliverance, and to escape the painful punishment, she promises to give her hand to Hartmuth. 25. Early in the morning the army is put in motion, in profound silence. King Ludwig perceives the standards in the twilight, 26. and Hartmuth names to his father the Princes, whose standards he recognises; he arms himself with all speed. Battle. 27. Herwig kills Ludwig; Hartmuth is separated from the rest of his army. An assassin, hired by Gerlinde, has already lifted his sword against Chautrum, when Hartmuth, who is combating with Wate, hears her voice, and saves her by calling in a threatening voice to the murderer. For this, Herwig, at Chautrum's request, saves the life of his rival in his combat with Wate. 28. Wate takes the castle, and sits in judgment on the guilty. Gerlinde, and Heregart, one of the women who had been carried off, and had united herself with Hartmuth's cup-bearer, are executed. Horant of Tenne-land remains with Chautrum and the prisoners, in the conquered castle; while Wate subdues all the fortresses in the country, and plants every where Hilde's standard. The Hegelingians return home; only Horant remains behind, as governor of the country. 29. Hilde receives her people, on their return. Hartmuth obtains his liberty at the request of Chautrum, and of his sister Ortun, on his promise not to escape. A fourfold marriage, of Ortwein with Ortun, Herwig with Chautrum, Hartmuth with Hildeburg, and Seyfried with Herwig's sister, is resolved upon, 30. and solemnized in the most splendid manner. Hartmuth returns with his consort, Hildeburg, to his own country, which Horant gives up to him

again. At the conclusion, Ortwein and Herwig vow to each other eternal friendship.

M. Prümmer, keeper of the Imperial Cabinet of Medals and Antiquities, and also of the "Ambras Collection," believes this Poem to have been unknown till the discovery of this MS. in the collection under his care, not being able to discover any mention of it. He intended to publish it, but we are not informed whether he has yet done so, nor whether any other MS. of the Poem has since been found.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHRONICLE OF EUSEBIUS.

Editio Princeps of Milan.

As the *Literary Gazette* was the first Journal in this country which gave information respecting this important work, we have *peculiar* pleasure in adding the following account.

The persons who are charged with the Milanese edition of the celebrated Chronicle of Eusebius of Cesarea, partly inedited, had resolved to publish simultaneously the two books of which it is composed. For this reason alone, instead of distributing separately the first book, which has been printed several months, they preferred hastening the printing of the second; and though this part of the work presents much more serious difficulties, it would have been finished now if the health of the Editors had not several times obliged them to relax in their labours.

Meantime the remonstrances of the subscribers have become numerous, and it has been determined to send forth the first book by itself, which is also the inedited and most important part of the work. The second part, which will soon follow the first, will contain, besides the second book of the work, the preliminary discourse of the Editors, an index, which is very necessary in a Chronology, a table of errata, and other matters relative to the work.

The first (inedited) book, which is now to be distributed, is only a succinct and chronological ancient history, compiled by Eusebius, with extracts from numerous works, of which we have but a very few left. After an introduction, the author gives the Chaldean history, taken principally from Berosus, Apollodorus, and Abidenus, writers who are quoted by Alexander Polyistor. We find next what Diodorus, Castor, and Cephalion, had related of the Assyrians. The treatise on the origin and vicissitudes of the Jewish people from Adam to the Advent of Our Saviour, is classical and diffuse. Eusebius then gives us, after the testimony of Manetho, the series of the ancient dynasties of Egypt to Alexander the Great; that of his successors in Egypt, down to Cleopatra and Augustus, follows a very careful narrative of the historian and philosopher Porphyry. From the Oriental history we proceed to

that of the Greeks, beginning with that of the Sicyonians, Argives, and Athenians, taken from Castor, and accompanied by catalogues of their Kings, and of their Archons. We next find the little book of the Olympiads, down to the 249th, taken from Cassius, Longinus and Plegontes. Then follows the history of the Coriuthians, the Lacedemonians, and other people, who obtained the dominion of the sea, which the author has drawn from Diodorus. We then find the history of the Macedonian monarchy, before and after Alexander, borrowed from Porphyry. To the same historian belongs all that we are told of the Asiatic and Syriac dynasty: but the narrative of the events concerning Thessaly precedes; it is an historical piece, which Scaliger, to his great regret, considered to be absolutely lost. Lastly, we find the history of the first Romans, compiled from the works of Dyonisius Halicarnassus, Diodorus, and Castor.

In this *Editio Princeps* is the Latin translation of the Armenian text, from which the work is taken; at the bottom of the pages are placed the copious Greek fragments of Eusebius, which the Editors have collected in several ancient authors. They have also added philological, critical, and explanatory notes; however they have thought it proper not to exceed certain limits, and the first book, notwithstanding the abundance of its contents, is only 220 pages.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JANUARY 9.

Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees, on the following days in the ensuing Term; viz.—Thursday, Jan. 14, Thursday 28; Thursday, Feb. 11, Saturday 20; Thursday, March 11, Thursday 18; Saturday, April 3.

Mr. J. S. and Mr. P. B. Duncan, Fellows of New College, have lately presented to the Anatomical Theatre, in this University, some very beautiful wax models, formed with so much accuracy as even to supersede the necessity of having recourse to the human body for anatomical instruction and experiment. They were purchased in Florence by these Gentlemen.—No. 1. Is a full-grown Human Female, in which are represented the following points; namely, the whole of the Absorbent System; the Viscera of the Thorax, of the Abdomen, and of the Pelvis, together with the Arteries and Veins belonging to them; the Brain and its Membranes; and numerous Muscles of the Head and of other parts of the Body.—No. 2. Two Models representing Sections of the Human Head, together with six smaller models—the whole completely illustrating the Anatomy of the Eye, with its Nerves and Blood-vessels.—Nos. 3 and 4. Two models representing with minute accuracy, not only the external form and character, but also the whole of the interior anatomy of the male and female Cray-fish.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

METEORIC IRON IN NORTH AMERICA.

The northern *Esquimaux* lately visited by Captain Ross, were observed (as we have had occasion previously to state) to employ a variety of implements of iron, and upon inquiry being made concerning its source by Captain Sabine, he ascertained that it was procured from the mountains about 30 miles from the coast. The natives described the existence of two large masses containing it. The one was represented as nearly pure iron, and they had been unable to do more than detach small fragments of it. The other, they said, was a stone, of which they could break fragments, which contained small globules of iron, and which they hammered out between two stones, and thus formed them into flat pieces, about the size of half a sixpence, and which, let into a bone handle, side by side, form the edges of their knives. It immediately occurred to Captain Sabine that this might be meteoric iron, but the subject was not further attended to till specimens of the knives reached Sir Joseph Banks, by whose desire Mr. Brande examined the iron, and found in it more than three per cent. of *Nickel*. This, with the uncommon appearance of the metal, which was perfectly free from rust, and had the peculiar silvery whiteness of meteoric iron, puts the source of the specimens alluded to out of all doubt. The one mass is probably entirely iron, and too hard and intractable for their management; the other appears to be a *meteoric stone*, containing pieces of iron, which they succeed in removing, and extending upon a stone anvil.

Some experiments upon the power of an alloy of iron with nickel to resist rust, and upon its fitness for delicate cutting instruments, are now in progress.

TEMPERATURE BELOW THE EARTH'S SURFACE.—There are some curious observations made by Mr. Lean, inserted in the *Philosophical Magazine*, upon the increase of temperature in descending into the earth, and they show this increase to go on to the depth of 200 fathoms, the lowest situation at which the temperature was taken; for instance, observed in December 1815, at the surface, and at successive depths, increasing by 20 fathoms, the temperatures were as follows: 50°, 57°, 61°, 63°, 5, 64°, 66°, 70°, 72°, 70°, 74°, 78°.—The temperature taken in the air in summer and winter varied a few degrees, even to the lowest depths, but always increased on descending. It was probably also affected by the workmen, &c. but by immersing the thermometer into streams of water issuing from the sides of the shafts and galleries, it was shewn that an effect was produced independent of that cause. The water at moderate depths was cooler than the air, but at lower situations became as warm; at 100, it was 64°, air 66°; at 120, 68°, air 70°—at 140, 72°, air 72°—at 200, 78°, air 78° also.

CHANGE OF THE COLOUR OF THE SKIN.

A very particular account of this phenomenon has been published by Dr. Emery Bissel, of Clinton, New York, in the *Transactions of the Medico-Physical Society*. It occurred in a man of the Brotherton tribe of Indians, who is now ninety years of age, and has gradually been becoming white for the last thirty years. The first appearance of this change was soon after an attack of acute rheumatism, in a small white patch near the pit of the stomach, and shortly after other spots appeared of the same colour, and gradually increased in size. He was at first alarmed, and endeavoured to remove them by remedies, but produced no effect, and soon desisted, and the change has continued going on irregularly ever since, the original colour remaining only on the forehead, and fore part of the face and neck, with a few small patches on the arm. The skin which has become white, is of a fine clear tint, and has nothing of a dull earthy appearance, nor of the livid hue observed in *Albinos*. It is more delicate to sensations of heat and cold than before, and likewise very tender, for the parts bleed much when cut or lacerated, and heal with difficulty; the perspiration is rather less than in the other parts. The man affirms he has never suffered under any cutaneous disease, except the itch, and that but twice, and also that he was a very dark Indian.

MOIRÉE METALLIQUE.—The Marquis Ridolfi has suggested a modification of this ornamental material, which consists in sketching flowers, figures, or other designs, upon the tin plates, with pale or coloured varnishes, before they are dipped in the acid bath. The figures are, of course, left with the original appearance of the tin, and may be brought out in great perfection; or they may be made by laying on leaf gold or silver, the latter metals with the varnish defending the surface of the tin covered with them from the acid.

THE FINE ARTS.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

We have before mentioned that Mr. Hilton was employed to paint a picture for Sir John Leicester, which would appear in that gentleman's Gallery of Native Artists, the opening of which might be expected during the ensuing (as last) season. We have since had an opportunity of seeing this work, and have seen what greatly delighted us. Our readers know that we love the fine arts for their own sake, that we most cordially approved of Sir John Leicester's plan, that our utmost wish is to cherish our native artists, and that we have frequently expressed a high opinion of Mr. Hilton's genius. Here then are four grounds on which it can naturally be supposed we were interested in this picture: we desired that it might be excellent, for the sake of the Arts generally, for the ornament of the room in which it is placed, for the credit of the British School, and for the honour of the

unassuming and distinguished individual from whose pencil it came. It is a pleasure to us to add, that it has surpassed rather than disappointed our hopes and expectations.

The subject is the Rape of Europa, who is represented on the back of the Bull; in the midst of waters, surrounded by sea-nymphs, satyrs, and other mythological beings; and looking with too late alarm at her removal from the paternal abodes of Agenor. The canvas is (we speak by guess from the view) six or seven feet in length, by five or six in breadth, and the whole is filled with the action, except a small portion of Landscape on the left of the spectator, executed in a grand manner. The composition and grouping seem to us to be admirable, and the colouring is truly that of Titian. Yet it is not touched into miniature perfection: the masses are bold, broad, and glowing. With all the charms of the Venetian School, there is not one of the puerilities or instances of bad taste which so often disfigure even the noblest efforts of the ancient masters. This quality, *en passant*, is a grand thing gained by modern art, and the general light of the age and of science has redeemed this exquisite branch of refinement from the risk of repeating such grossnesses and littlenesses as we so often see where we most lament their appearance. But what strikes us most forcibly as the chief merit of Mr. Hilton's performance, is the *motion* which he has almost absolutely communicated to his figures. They all look as if they would speedily vanish from our sight, through the side of the frame. Nothing can surpass this—it is the doing of genuine feeling and supreme talent. With regard to minor beauties, we might state that the flesh of Europa is in an exquisite tone, the animal elevated and characteristic, the management of the light and shadow clever without being mean or artificial, and the inferior actors a combination of as many various, graceful, and poetical forms, as have been often witnessed in a single picture.

Upon the whole, though we bestow so warm a panegyric upon this production, we are assured that no amateur who sees it will think we have exceeded the bounds of justice. It is, in truth, one of the very ablest works of our day, and we have much pleasure in describing so transcendent a proof of talent by a young British Artist.

MR. LUKE CLENNELL.

This unfortunate Artist, a native of Morpeth, in Northumberland, and known to the world as an eminent Engraver on Wood, as well as a Painter of no ordinary talent, has furnished one of those cases of human distress and misery, which calls for the sympathy and the aid of every friend to forlorn genius. In the midst of a prosperous career, with fortune "both hands full" smiling on every side,—munificently treated by the British Institution, employed on an important work by the Earl of Bridgewater (a picture of the Fete given by the City of London to the Allied Sovereigns,) and with

no prospect but that delightful one of fame and independence, earned by his own exertions, the most dreadful affliction of life befel him, and insanity rioted where taste and judgment so conspicuously shone! The shorter we make the tale of woe, the more impressive it must be. The wretched Artist has been two years separated from his family,—his young wife, the mother of his three infants, has descended into her grave, a broken-hearted victim,—these worse than orphans are destitute:—and it is proposed to publish by subscription, to provide for them, a plate from their unhappy father's picture of the Charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo, which, in 1816, was rewarded with a premium by the British Institution.

Were the print a ballad-top we should not need to recommend it, as we do spontaneously; but even as a work of art, it would merit encouragement, unsupported by the melancholy circumstances of our statement, which appeal so irresistibly to every feeling bosom.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.] AN ARABIAN SONG.

Suggested by ANTAR's exquisite Song quoted in the Literary Gazette of last Saturday.

I love thee, Ibla!—Thou art bright
As the white snow on the hills afar;
Thy face is sweet as the moon by night,
And thine eye like the clear and rolling star.

But the snow is poor, and withers soon,
While thou art firm and rich—in hope;
And never (like thine) from the face of the moon
Flamed the dark eye of the Antelope.

Fine is thy shape as the Erak's bough,
And thy bosom a heaven—or, haplier, meant
(If man may guess who crawls below)
By Heaven for Earth's enchantment.

But the bough of the Erak in winter dies,
And the heaven hath clouds that dim its blue;
Thy shape is as fine when the summer flies,
And thy bosom is warm and cloudless too.

Thy hair is black as the starless sky,
And clasps thy neck as it lov'd its home;
Yet it moves at the sound of thy faintest sigh,
Like the snake that lies on the white sea-foam.

Farewell! farewell!—yet of thee, sweet maid,
I'll sing—in the wild woods far away;
And I'll bear thy name on my shining blade,
Flow'r of my own Arabia!

And when I return, with a Chieftain's name,
And many a plunder'd gem for thee,
I'll ask thee, then, to share my fame
For all love's sweet eternity. [AMICUS.]

A RECOLLECTION OF THE VISIT OF VATHEK TO THE HALL OF EBLIS.

They took their way (Vathek and his young
bride,

The sweet Nouronihar) through summer fields
Of flowers—by sparkling rivers—fountains that
Splashed o'er the turf—by palm and tamarisk
trees—

And where the dark pines talked to solitudes;
And oft beguiled the way with amorous songs,

Kisses and looks voluptuous; and they quaffed
At mid-day iced waters which had grown
Cool in the valley of Roenabad:—But one thing
Did intervene to mar those quiet hours:—
That was ambition.

— But these days passed by:
And then they journey'd amongst perilous sands,
Which the hot blast of the desert swept at times
To figures columnar; these subsiding, left
Open to view the wide horizon, where
Lifting their heads, like mountains, to the skies,
'Rose the dark towers of Istakar.—The moon
Hid her pale face eclipsed, and sore afraid
Lest that the baleful atmosphere might shroud
Her light for ever; and interlunar stars
Shrank and grew dim, as when the morning
shews

His grey eye in the East.—Forward they passed
'Midst crumbling walls, and shaking minarets,
Where even the ivy grew not, and at last
Stood 'neath the mighty palace of those Kings
Who ruled before the flood: It seemed as built
For all eternity; and its pillars threw
On the black platform, long, large lines of
shadow,

That lay upon the marble, like to things
Substantial - - - Countless and sky-touching
towers

("Whose architecture was unknown amidst
The records of the earth") stood there, like that
Vast pile our ancestry once dared to raise
In old Chaldea; whence they met the wrath
Of God, and Nature's own sweet language fled
The lips of men for ever.—Silence reigned;
And glimmering darkness in the middle air
Brooded, but shifting aye her shadowy wings,
Let Horror creep between, and doubtful light:
And chill, sepulchral airs, that had no sound,
Touched the pale cheek of young Nouronihar:
And Vathek felt his heart grow cold, and stayed
His breath to listen, and he grasped hard
Her trembling hand for mere companionship. - -

The stars now shone anew; and right against
The palace, carved curiously, were seen
Leopards and winged hyppogriffs, and shapes
Unknown but to the bottoms of the deep,
And there, by all sea-monsters that we fear,
Dreaded, and left alone: above these forms
Were traced mysterious characters, that did yield
A welcome to the pair: scarce had they read
When from amongst the ruins came a sound
Like anguish, and the yawning ground gave out
Blue subterranean fires, that shewed a door
Whose barred passages led to HELL.—There
stood

The dwarfed Indian, grinning like a fiend:
"Welcome!" he cried, "both welcome! ye
are come

To see the Prince of morning: ye deserve
To see, and ye shall see him." Then he touched
The charmed lock, 'round which, invisibly,
A hundred watchful demons wheel, and keep
Sacred the homes of starry Eblis.—Hark!
It opened with a horrid sound, and shut
(When Vathek and his bride had entered there)
'Midst laughs, and shrieks exulting, like the noise
Of mountainous thunder, or the withering voice
Of him who from Vesuvius calls abroad
In madness, and casts out his blazing foam
(Like rivers) toward the sea.—

At last they saw
The HALL OF EBLIS: vaulted 'twas, and high,
So none might mark the roof: the pillars that
Stood like supporting giants, 'verged away
In long, innumerable avenues, but
Met at a point bright as the sun, when he
Looks flaming on the sands of Palestine:
Each column bore a different character,
And by the lambent flames that played about
Like snakes, and pointed their ethereal spires

Towards the stupendous capitals (which seemed
Wrought in the finer times of Greece, when men
Struck armed Pallas from a senseless stone
To life, and shaped those matchless deities,
Venus, and stern Apollo, and the rest)
Strange letters might be seen—their import
known

To none but the immortals. - - - The sad pair
Traversed a scene of luxury and woe;
They trod on gold and flowers, while from the
ground

Voluptuous odours steamed, whose breath was
sweet

As hers whom story fabled once the queen
Of beauty: there saffron, and citron boughs,
Cedar, and sweet perfuming sandal woods
Were burning; and distilled and fragrant waters
Sparkled in crystal. - - - But around them
stalked

Figures like men—all silent—with despair
On every face, and each did press his hand
Against his heart, and shunn'd his fellow wretch.

Upon a globe of fire sate Eblis: He
Was prince of all the spirits that rebelled
'Gainst God and met perdition. He was young
Still; and, but that some pride burned in his eye,
You might have pitied him: His flowing hair,
Streaming like sunbeams, told he must have been
An angel once, and fair, and beautiful;
Nay, in his fallen station, he retained
A relic of his old nobility,

And tho' he fell, you would have said he fell
For aiming at—a world. "Creatures," he said,
"Creatures of clay! I number ye amongst
My subjects and adorers: Live ye here
For ever, and for ever."—Then his orb,
Receding from the presence of the damned,
Shrunk to a point of light, and as it shrunk
The hearts of his believers wither'd, and burn'd
Internally (as he had left behind
A portion of his fire)—and on their souls
Came darkness and dismay: and all knew then
The unconsuming flame was come; and each
Hated himself and fellow:—Thus they lived
For ages and for ages, a sad prey
To fires perpetual—and endless fear—
Sorrow altho' they lov'd not—hot desires,
That never could be quelled—hunger and thirst—
Fierce jealousy—and groundless doubt—and
hate—

And blasting envy—and ('midst other ills)
Sense of contempt in others:—Thus they lived:
And not one creature ever after knew
What 'twas to—hope. [W.]

* This little poem coincides, in a great measure,
with the description of the "Hall of Eblis,"
given in the singular tale called "The Caliph
Vathek."

[By Correspondents.] TO ITALY.

(From the Italian.)

O, wretched Italy! on whom blind fate
Beauty, a cruel present, did bestow;
From whence thou feel'st, thro' all thy hapless
state,

The bitter portion of eternal woe.

Hadst thou a face less fair, or bolder heart,
That those who seem thy beauty to adore,
Yet with relentless fury seek thy death,
Might either love thee less, or fear thee more!

I should not now behold the hostile band
Rush from the Alps, like some o'erwhelming
flood,
Nor Gallic hordes o'erspread thy conquer'd land,
And drink Po's streams, still purple with thy
blood.

Nor should I see thee girt with foreign sword,
In thy defence a foreign banner wave,
That thou may'st always serve a foreign lord,
And, vanquished or triumphant, still remain a
slave.
H. E. LLOYD.

TO

Thy kiss is sweet, but cannot call
Departed feelings from the dead;
Thy smiles are ardent, but they fall
Upon a heart so withered,
That all the quickening beams of love
Must shed persuasive warmth in vain;
And tears as unavailing prove,
To rear one shoot of hope again.

Yes,—doubt me not,—I loved thee well,
But never thought too well till now;
A gloom that thou canst not dispel,
A coldness thou canst not subdue,
Comes o'er my bosom's genial flow,
Fanning it with its hated wings;—
Oh, purest feelings, frozen, grow
Hard as the ice of clearest springs.

E. W.

BIOGRAPHY.

FRENCH INSTITUTE.

*Notice on the Life and Compositions of MONSIGNY, read at the Annual Sitting of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, by M. Quatremere de Quincy, Perpetual Secretary.**

Within an interval of two months, music and the Academy have lost two of the most celebrated composers who have illustrated France and Italy, namely, Paisiello and Monsigny. What a singular contrast between these two great masters, whether we consider them with reference to their private or professional lives! Paisiello, concerning whom I last year addressed the Institute,† fostered in the bosom of the great school of Italy, inundated Europe with his innumerable productions, occupied for the space of fifty years all the voices of fame, and appeared, even after death, to pursue that glory, of which during his life he had been insatiable. Monsigny, a stranger to schools, his own instructor rather than the pupil of the few masters destitute of talent and reputation under whom he studied, created a genius which he would fain have cultivated for himself alone; and became, as it were, in spite of his inclination, celebrated in the musical world, without ever quitting Paris, where he shone only for a few years, like those meteors which blaze for a moment to disappear for ever.

Must we attribute this striking diversity to the mere accidental dispositions of the understanding and the temper? May we not account for the peculiar conduct and destiny of Monsigny's talent by the nature of his genius and his education,—his situation in the world,—and the state of public opinion at the time he

flourished?—for music was at that time but little studied in France, and was regarded in a very trivial light by the generality of people. A man of respectable circumstances would scarcely have dreamt of making music his profession. It was customary even for those who professed the art, to style themselves amateurs; and M. de Monsigny, who had sprung from a good family, could not appear in the world as a musician under any other title.

He was born in 1729, at Fauquemberg, in Artois. His family, which was of Sardinian origin, settled about the year 1500 in the Netherlands, where, for a length of time, they were owners of considerable estates. However, at the birth of Peter Alexander de Monsigny, the means of his parents, either through neglect of economy or some other cause, were considerably reduced. But this evil is not always serious to children, if enough remains to provide for their education, and to enable them to do something for themselves when fortune has done nothing for them.

Young Monsigny was sent to the Jesuits' College at St. Omer, where his natural passion for music soon became manifest. A college education does not, as is generally supposed, confine the mind of the student within a single and uniform circle of instruction. Certainly a common education cannot be perfectly in relation with the different dispositions suited to every state of society; but at all events, it serves to keep the mind awake, to open it to the various impressions which may present themselves, and it is rare indeed that it does not seize that which is best suited to its powers.

This was the case with young Monsigny when he quitted his studies. The *carillon*, or Chimes of St. Bertin's Abbey, first served to develop the genius which he had received from nature; and the *Carillonneur*, a man of more talent than his profession required, was his first master. But recreation was the sole object of his musical pursuits; they were always subordinate to other occupations.

At the age of eighteen he lost his father, and he was thus left to be the guardian of his younger brothers, and the support of a mother and sister, whose whole means of subsistence depended on him. It was a duty which his father on his death-bed bequeathed to him, and which he most religiously fulfilled.

The loss of his father, joined to the low state of his fortune, induced him to renounce the career of arms which his ancestors had pursued, and in which he had been destined to succeed them.

In the army, a young man is more likely to ruin than to enrich himself; and though glory may lead to fortune, yet that glory cannot be speedily acquired. More prompt resources were requisite to enable M. de Monsigny to provide for his family. In 1749, he proceeded to Paris, where he determined to betake himself to banking and financial speculations. In that profession success is more prompt and certain, and it

rarely happens that those who enter upon it do not get rich, especially at a time when the State is getting poor; and such was the case at the period alluded to. Thus finance was regarded in a very important light; and by its places and numerous ramifications was the means of restoring many decayed families.

M. de Monsigny soon met with lucrative employment, of a nature no way dishonourable or incompatible with delicacy. Agreeable in his person, as well as by his talent, he was received in the most flattering way into the best society. He gained many friends, who took a warm interest in his welfare. One of his brothers entered the army, where he died a Knight of St. Louis; the rest procured appointments in the Colonies, and a suitable provision was made for his mother and sister.

Whilst he was thus promoting the welfare of his relations, he did not neglect his own advancement, that is to say, his progress in music, his natural passion for which daily increased. He made choice of an excellent violin master; and Gianotti, a counter-violin player of the Opera, gave him lessons in composition, which finished the work begun by Nature. It is evident that he brought to Paris, not only the taste but the genius for music, for he was enabled to appreciate the low state to which the art was still reduced at the theatres, in spite of all the efforts made by Duni and Philidor to improve it. The Opera Comique was then in its infancy, and the obstacles which the customs of the age opposed to that style of composition must still be in recollection; it was the constant object of the derision of Voltaire, which indeed it richly merited in a dramatic point of view. Nothing can be more insipid, both to the understanding and the taste, than those sketchy pieces, when the music does not finish off the traits, fill up the void, and complete the whole. Such, however, was the state of the grand Opera, notwithstanding all the science of Rameau. We are assured that when Monsigny heard Rameau's music for the first time, he was struck with astonishment; but his astonishment was of a different kind from that which La Bruyère had experienced in the preceding century, on hearing the Operas of Lully. The music, according to Monsigny, expressed nothing but tedium. *I should like*, said he to his friends, *to try another style.*

In 1752, an Italian company performed at Paris some of the compositions of Pergoleze, Jomelli, &c. This was, in fact, the first lesson in melody received by ears hitherto almost insensible to its charms. Monsigny did not need instruction, but the example proved serviceable to his plan of establishing a new style of dramatic music. His financial avocations occupied but little of his time, still less of his attention, and afforded him ample leisure for pursuing those studies which were most congenial to his taste. He secretly employed himself in composing a comic opera, with no other object than to endeavour to introduce more

* See account of the proceedings of the Institute, on the day on which this notice was read, *Literary Gazette*, 31st of October last.

† See *Literary Gazette*, Jan. 24th and 31st, 1818.

melody in the instrumental parts, and more expression in the singing than had been attempted by other composers of the day. His task being completed, he shewed it to some of his friends, and wished to have the advice of Gianotti, his master. Gianotti, amazed at what his pupil had done, immediately proposed that they should exchange characters, and begged that he would give him the score of the Opera with permission to get it represented under his name, observing, that it would certainly make his fortune. Monsigny would readily have resigned it, for he had all the disinterestedness of a man who seeks to acquire neither money nor reputation by his talent. But unfortunately for Gianotti, all the airs of the Opera were known to the friends of Monsigny, so that had the latter given it up, he could not have renounced the title of composer, which in this case was all that was valuable.

In 1758, this first production of Monsigny was performed at the theatre of *La Foire*, under the title of *Les Aveux indiscrets*. The success which the Opera obtained, proved a triumph to the drama and to music, rather than to the composer, who remained anonymous. But this success emboldened him to advance still further on the road which he had opened. In 1760, he produced *Le Maire en Droit*, *Le Cadi dupé*, and successively *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, *Le Roi et le Fermier*, *Rose et Colas*. Every one must feel the charm of these Operas in which the composer, always inspired by Nature, and drawing the beauties of his art from their very source, founds the expression of his songs on the simple and true accent of each passion, of each sentiment, studied in the language of the soul and of the voice;—a truly original model for the artist, an inexhaustible model; but, like every other, it has its fair sides and principal points of view, which are seized by the first observer, and when once seized, the succeeding student has no alternative but to make inroads on truth for the sake of novelty, or to fall short of it by disregarding Nature, except in copies. These works commenced the revolution of taste: to them the *Theatre de la Foire* was indebted for becoming a regular theatre under the name of the *Comedie Italienne*, and the Opera Comique was established.

Previously to this period, what was styled a comic Opera, was for the most part a wretched Comedy, prolonged by songs devoid of melody. It was a species of Vaudeville, in which music, far from being the principal spring of the dramatic entertainment, was scarcely an indifferent auxiliary. If the drama possessed either interest or wit, a song was unseasonably introduced to interrupt the one or destroy the other; and alternately, the majority of the audience in the pit thought the piece one half too long:—some came for the sake of the music, and others for the sake of the Comedy.

Monsigny enjoyed the honour, if not of concluding, at least of preparing the union of these two interests, which, like two bordering powers, seem to be too near neigh-

bours to agree together. In France, where genuine Comedy is formed on so perfect a model, and where so much circumspection must be observed towards a public always more inclined to see than to hear an Opera, and to judge of a singer by his acting, it was necessary to obtain reciprocal concessions from each art. That the art of writing dramas for music might be combined with the art of composing music for dramas, the union of a composer and a poet respectively capable of this mutual understanding was requisite. In the moral, as well as in the physical order, it would appear that there is a sort of preestablished harmony to prepare the concurrence of elements formed to be united; and when these elements exist, it is rare that they do not come in contact. Accordingly Sedaine and Monsigny met. When the former heard the duet in the *Cadi dupé*, *That's the man for me*, he exclaimed; and he could not sleep until he had been introduced to Monsigny. From that moment they were inseparable.

No one ever travelled to Parnassus by a longer or more tedious road than Sedaine. Born in poverty, at first a stone-cutter, next a master mason, then an architect, but always possessed with the demon of writing verses, he at length discovered his own talent, and made it known to the public, who at that time were but little disposed to estimate duly the art of composing Operas, or of writing poetry for music. To gain as he did the Academic Chair, great perseverance was requisite on his part; and on the part of the Academy, a vast share of that spirit of justice which rejects no application of talent, and in every style of writing disdains only mediocrity. Sedaine had attained superiority in his style. It has been observed, that the poet should have the genius of the musician for whom he writes. This is saying too much; but he certainly ought to be well acquainted with the genius of music and of song. He should be careful not to throw too much energy and spirit into those words which ought to receive their animation and spirit from the musician. He should seize the situations which may be prolonged without injuring the action; and should prefer sentiments to thoughts, passion to reasoning, images to ideas, and scenic effect to scenic management. This was what Sedaine understood in perfection. No one possessed this talent better than he—no one could write a more natural and easy dialogue; and as he had a share in the success of Monsigny, this mention of him in the eulogy of his illustrious associate cannot be thought out of place.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHRISTMAS AT ST. PETERSBURGH AND MOSCOW.

At Christmas, the Russians lay in their winter stock of provisions; a great market is held on the ice of the Neva, where enormous quantities of provisions are brought

from the further extremity of the empire to find purchasers, which their home consumption does not afford them.

Such are the immense stores of provisions collected at this Christmas mart, that, even by a moderate calculation, they are estimated at upwards of two thirds of what are consumed during the five succeeding winter months.

To form some notion of this singular spectacle, the reader must picture to himself from fifteen to twenty thousand oxen, frozen and piled up in heaps, and some hundred thousand sheep rising in pyramids on the ice. The interstices are filled up by millions of poultry, whose beautiful plumage gives variety to the scene. The poultry and game are arranged in festoons and wreaths, whilst the uniformity is broken by piles of eggs, fish, and fruits. From whence comes this immense quantity of provisions, is a reflection which naturally arises, after the surprise of the first coup-d'œil. The answer is, from all quarters of the Russian empire: the veal from Archangel, 250 leagues distant; the poultry from Cassan; the fish from the Dwina or the Volga, at a distance of between 3 and 400 leagues.

Such is the facility of communication during the winter season, that in spite of the enormous distance between the various places of production and the market, the price of provisions is extremely moderate; a pound of beef costs about threepence, a pound of mutton twopence, a goose fifteen pence, and a hare the same price. This market lasts four days, and is held on a space half a league in length, and the provisions, heaped up in the manner above described, form several streets, according to the quantity collected.

The Russians maintain a very extensive trade at Moscow; but all trade, instead of being, as in other European cities, scattered through various parts of the town, is here confined within one particular quarter, called the *Khitai Gorod*, where the Exchange is situated. This place is inhabited entirely by merchants, and is divided into sections, each of which is destined to a particular branch of trade. All retail trade is carried on in the *Khitai-Gorod*. The residences of the merchants are separate from their warehouses, and frequently at a great distance from them. In the morning they go to their warehouses, where they remain all day, and in the evening return to their families. This custom seems to have been borrowed from the Asiatics, for it is mentioned by travellers as a characteristic mark of Eastern trade.

Another singularity, peculiar to the trade of Moscow, is the market for houses, which is held in an immense open place, dependent on one of the suburbs of Moscow. There the purchaser may obtain either a house, or part of a house, by describing what will suit him. The builders always keep an abundance of patterns and pieces of timber ready to be put together, so that a house is frequently built in the short space of a week, notwithstanding the time

requisite for removing the materials. These are for the most part the habitations of only the poorer class of people; yet sometimes even palaces are erected by this simple and novel method.

*General View of the relative Political Strength of the Nations of Europe; extracted from the Work of M. Aug. Fred. W. Crome.**

Countries.	Geograph. Sq. Miles.†	Inhabitants.	Souls in every Sq. Mile	Public Revenue in Rhenish Florins.	Florins per Head.
1. Republic of San Marino	2	6000	3000	50,000	8 1/3
2. Republic of Cracow	19	56,600	2979	200,000	3 1/2
3. Duchy of Lucca	20	124,000	6200	550,000	5 1/4
4. Republic of the Ionian Islands	46	187,000	4065	965,500	5 1/6
5. Duchy of Modena	96	352,000	4125	1,200,000	3
6. Duchy of Parma and Piacenza	106	376,600	3553	1,500,000	4
7. Grand Duchy of Tuscany	395	1,195,000	3025	5,000,000	4 1/2
8. The Estates of the Church	715	2,145,000	3000	9,300,000	4 1/3
9. Switzerland	889 1/2	1,745,750	1963	4,300,000	2 1/2
10. The Kingdom of the Netherlands	1,164	5,266,000	4524	67,283,330	12 4/5
11. The Sardinian States	1,277 1/2	3,974,476	3112	22,000,000	5 1/2
12. Portugal	1,934	3,683,000	1904	25,000,000	6 1/5
13. Sicily and Naples	2,037	6,119,336	3249	24,000,000	3 7/11
14. Denmark (without Holstein & Lauenburg)	2,273	1,258,410	663	11,200,000	6 2/3
15. Germany (without Austria and Prussia)	4,712	12,391,991	2630	90,507,843	7 1/3
16. Prussian Monarchy	4,989	10,100,000	2025	60,000,000	6
17. British Dominions in Europe	5,462	17,175,590	3144	410,810,000	23 5/6
18. Spain	8,441	10,500,000	1244	60,000,000	5 3/4
19. European Turkey	9,225	6,700,000	724	30,000,000	4 1/2
20. France	10,263	28,996,300	2825	261,500,000	9
21. The Austrian Empire	12,210	28,179,633	2310	150,000,000	5 1/3
22. Sweden and Norway	16,155	3,525,400	218	15,000,000	4 1/4
23. Russia in Europe	72,640	34,500,000	475	250,000,000	7 1/4
Total	155,071	179,101,996		1,500,466,673	8 1/3

The Military force of Europe amounts to
In Peace 1,798,504 men.
In War 3,608,023 men.

The Naval forces of Europe amount to
Ships of the Line 462
Frigates 370
Smaller armed Vessels 1922

* In the Vol. of the *Literary Gazette* for last year, page 808, an account was given of the extent and population of several European states, into which, from an error in the calculations, a series of mistaken results unluckily found their way. We did not observe this till too late for remedy, and beg now, as the best amends we can make, to present our readers with the statement of M. Crome.—Ed.

† Fifteen to a degree, in nearly the common German miles, which exceed four English: thus the square mile here expressed will be about eighteen English. Multiplying by 18 will consequently give pretty accurately the superficial extent in our measure.

++ Nine one-third Rhenish florins make a pound sterling, and thus the revenue of England is stated at above 44 millions.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Rac has resumed his station on these boards, after a "long and severe indisposition," as the bills have it, though they do not express the nature of the complaint, which has been civil enough to restore him to the stage with unimpaired good looks and vigour. The most common disorder of poor actors and poor critics is *water* in the system, but they generally contrive to get over that, and return to their several avocations. Mr. R. performed *Beverley*, in *The Gamester*, with a herd about him, not one of whom would be tolerated in a barn; and he therefore seemed really to have improved into a capital instead of an indifferent tragedian. Such is the force of contrast. Mr. Kean has come back from his Sheffield and other engagements, and *Brutus* is again the order

of the night, but can no longer people the theatre without the aid of many orders. The Pantomime is also endured, and things go on as badly as before, notwithstanding that heavy affair of Flodden Field has been consigned to oblivion, after nine nights of painful existence. Bad dramas seem to have just as many lives as fable gives to cats; they cannot get over the ninth mortality. At the end of that time the public, and not the authors, have to determine the question, and the miserable productions are seen no more.

COVENT GARDEN relies on its Pantomime and the same change of plays which have heretofore been so attractive. Tragedy and Comedy take their turn, and we are glad to see it announced that Opera too will shortly be added, as Miss Stephens resumes her engagements as *Diana Vernon* in *Rob*

Roy, next Wednesday. Poor *Tokely*, who so admirably performed "the Dugal Creature," died last Saturday. He was a coarse, but, in several characters, an original and effective actor: we fear that irregularity of life, and proneness to the enjoyment of the "liquid enemy of mankind," have hurried him to a premature grave. His *Dirk Hatterick*, *Peter Pastoral*, *Crockery*, and other parts of quaint humour, will scarcely find a more laughable representative.

VARIETIES.

NEW COMETS.—The Paris Journals announce, that M. Pons, of Marseilles, has discovered a Comet in the constellation *Pegasus*, and another in the constellation *Hydra*. According to the observations of M. Blaupain, this new star was on the 30th of November, at 17h. 37m. of mean time, reckoned from mid-day, at Marseilles, by 179. 38. of right ascension, and 29. 17. south declination. On the 1st of December at 17h. 57m. of mean time, the right ascension was 180. 39. and the declination 28. 47. This Comet is easily visible through a night telescope. It is of a pale nebulosity, round, and from five to six minutes in diameter. The nucleus is very confused. As the motion of declination carries the Comet towards the north, it is natural to suppose that in a few days it will have acquired more intensity, and perhaps become visible to the naked eye.

NEW DYE. A chymist of Copenhagen has discovered a means of producing a lively yellow colour for dyeing cloth. He gathers the tops of the potatoes when ready to flower, presses the juice, mixes it with more or less water, and suffers the cloth to remain in it during twenty-four hours. He then dips it in spring water. The cloth may be either of wool, silk, cotton, or flax. By plunging the cloth thus tinged with yellow into a vessel of blue, a brilliant and lasting green is obtained.

Cattle consumed in London.—The consumption of sheep and lambs in London in twelve months, has been lately estimated at the number of one million sixty-two thousand seven hundred. The number of horned cattle slaughtered, at one hundred and sixty-four thousand; and by the inspectors return, it appears, that the number of horse hides produced at Leadenhall market amounted to twelve thousand nine hundred.

They have got up for representation at the Olympic Circus at Paris a drama entitled *The Death of Kleber, or the French in Egypt*. Surely the French are a people resembling the lady in Prior's tale of the ladle,

"For what is grave they turn to farce."

Fenelon (says the Marquis de Louville, in his *Memoires Secrets* on the establishment of the House of Bourbon in Spain, recently published at Paris) when directing the education of Philip V. of Spain, laid it

down as a rule, that "the sons of Kings ought to fear the doing of evil, and not punishment;" he of course abolished personal correction.

The same author has the following anecdote. The Prime Minister, Duc de Montausier, who it is said was the model for Moliere's Misanthrope, solicited from Louis XIV. a place for a person of no merit, who had recently become allied to him. The King, in some surprise, said, "But, M. de Montausier, do you advise me to grant that which you request?" "No, by my faith, Sire," replied the Duke, "but your Majesty makes so many elections without my advice, that you might add this to the number." His Majesty laughed, but the appointment was not given.

A little girl, 5 years of age, was equally fond of her mother and grandmother. It being the birth-day of the latter, her mother said to her, "My dear, you must pray to God to bless your grandmamma, and that she may live to be very old." The child looked with some surprise at her mother, who, perceiving it, said, "Well, will not you pray to God to bless your grandmamma, and that she may become very old?" "Ah! mamma," said the child, "she is very old already, I will rather pray that she may become young."

A lady who had just parted with her housemaid, asked her cook if she would take the housemaid's place; but she answered, "Madam, the cook and the cat have always something to eat, but the housemaid, footman, and dog, must wait till it is their turn."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, BY PHILARCHON.

It will be remembered that after the battle of Leipsic, a subscription was set on foot, throughout England, for the benefit of the suffering widows and orphans. It was no sooner known to the Princes of Brunswick (who were then resident at Vauxhall) than they agreed between themselves, unknown to their preceptor, to give all their pocket-money, and a hoard of foreign gold coin which had been some time in collecting, in aid of the fund. This resolved, they requested their tutor to take a ride to Ackermann's, where the subscriptions were deposited; and upon their arrival there, to his no small astonishment and admiration, they pulled out the bag in which the treasure had been kept, and requested it might be conveyed to Mr. Ackermann, with the observation "that it was all they had to give." So singular a mark of generosity in children both under twelve years of age, has been perhaps seldom equalled. That it is a fact the writer of this will vouch.

From the clamour raised by the mob at a late election, whenever a vote arrived for any other than their chosen four, many quietly disposed persons were deterred, through fear of being scouted or worse, from going with their good wishes for Sir William's success. A worthy and no less witty Divine was asked, why he did

not venture and give him his vote? "Because (replied he) I do not see why I should endanger my own poll to benefit another man's!"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A curious work for a foreign country has lately been published in Paris: it is an octavo volume in defence of the character of our Richard the Third, by a M. Rey, a Frenchman, who goes not only over the ground of Horace Walpole and other writers, but adduces new arguments to shew that this confessedly brave monarch has been much and unjustly vilified by history.

A Parisian Critic, in reviewing his writings, denominates M. de Pradt "*The Prince of Lost Opportunities!*"

The *Lilavati*, a celebrated treatise on Hindu arithmetic and geometry, has been translated by Dr. John Taylor from the original Sanscrit, and read to the Literary Society of Bombay. As this work has been frequently called for by men of science in Europe, it is now printing under the eye of the learned translator at the expense of the Society.—*Trans. of the Lit. Soc. of Bombay*, just published.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—We are requested to state that the following interesting Works have been lately published by Mr. COLBURN; viz.

1. Memoirs of John Evelyn, Esq. second edition.
2. Horace Walpole's Letters to the Rev. Wm. Cole and others.—3. Florence MacCarthy, an Irish Tale, by Lady Morgan, fourth edition.—4. Sketches of the Philosophy of Life, by Sir Charles Morgan.—5. The concluding Volume of Franklin's Memoirs, comprising his posthumous writings.—6. Dr. Watkins's Memoirs of her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte.—7. Woman, a Poem; by E. S. Barrett, Esq. second edition.—8. Discourses on various Subjects, by the Rev. Sir J. Head, Bart.—9. An Octavo Edition of Northcote's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—10. America, and her resources; by John Bristed, Esq. of New York.—11. Memoirs of Count de Las Casas, communicated by himself.—12. Memoirs of Lucien Buonaparte, drawn from his Private Correspondence and other authentic Documents.—13. Private Anecdotes of the Court and Family of Napoleon, by one of the Suite of the Empress Maria Louisa.—14. Narrative of a Residence in Algiers, with Notes, &c. by Edward Blaquiere, Esq.—15. Letters, Descriptive of a Tour through Hungary, Egypt, Syria, &c. interspersed with numerous personal Anecdotes; by John Bramsen, Esq.—16. An Account of the Shipwreck of the Medusa Frigate, the Occurrences on board the Raft, in the Desert of Zaara, &c.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JANUARY.

Thursday, 7.—Thermometer from 33 to 45.

Barometer from 30, 11 to 29, 89.

Wind SE. 1.—Generally cloudy; with rain in the afternoon.

Friday, 8.—Thermometer from 34 to 41.

Barometer from 30, 03 to 29, 91

Wind SE. 1.—Generally clear till the evening; when it became cloudy, with a little rain.

Rain fallen, 0/5 of an inch.

Saturday, 9.—Thermometer from 43 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 71 to 29, 75.

Wind SW. 3.—Cloudy, (with much rain in the afternoon) till the evening, when it became clear.

Rain fallen, 1/25 of an inch.

Sunday, 10.—Thermometer from 35 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 07 to 29, 80.

Wind SW. 3.—Morning clear; the rest of the day generally cloudy, with heavy rain in the evening.—Rain fallen, 3/25 of an inch.

Monday, 11.—Thermometer from 35 to 46.

Barometer from 29, 90 to 30, 00.

Wind SW. 3.—Weather very changeable, with a little rain in the morning.—Rain fallen, 2/5 of an inch.

Tuesday, 12.—Thermometer from 35 to 49.

Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 33.

Wind SW. 1.—Generally clear.—Rain fallen, 0/25 of an inch.

Wednesday, 13.—Thermometer from 35 to 45.

Barometer from 30, 33 to 30, 09.

Wind SW. 1.—Cloudy, with a little rain in the afternoon, till the evening, when it became clear.

Latitude 51.37.32. N.

Longitude 3.51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * The Editor has received a letter with the post-mark of Manchester, containing only three words, which are quite inexplicable to him. If they have any meaning, or refer to any inclosure, accidentally omitted, he shall be glad of an explanation, as he supposes no one would be at the trouble or pay the postage of a letter merely to raise the curiosity of an enigma.

We beg to assure E. B. that we do not intentionally neglect the notice of any work sent to us. There may sometimes be delay: we cannot recall to memory the instance he alludes to, and if assisted in this respect, shall endeavour to remedy any inattention of which, amid the multitude of matters pressing on us, we may have been guilty.

We are sorry we cannot certainly inform our inquiring correspondent as to the mode of taking cabbage to prevent intoxication. We presume it should be raw; but we advise trying it in the more palatable forms of boiled, pickled, and even sour-croût first.

ERRATA in last No.—In the Review of Morrison on China, line 46, for 'irregularities,' read 'singularities'; and line 3 from the bottom of col. 2, for 'he' read 'we.'

New Publications.

SYSTEMATIC EDUCATION.

PINNOCK & MAUNDER'S

JUVENILE, SCIENTIFIC, AND CLASSICAL REPOSITORY,

Nos. 967 and 968, St. Clement's Church-yard, Strand, LONDON.

The PUBLISHERS of the following WORKS, encouraged by the very general Patronage they have received in the Sale of their Publications, and flattered by the unequivocal testimonies of approbation with which they have been honoured by many Gentlemen of eminent literary acquirements, as well as by numerous able and highly respectable Conductors of Seminaries, in all

parts of the United Kingdom, gladly take this opportunity of expressing their grateful obligations to their patrons, the Public, and at the same time of offering a few observations relative to the nature and design of these elementary performances, which have elicited so great a share of unqualified commendation.

The Series of little Treatises, in Question and Answer, denominated "PINNOCK'S CATECHISMS," are intended to form the basis of every branch of useful knowledge, and are of themselves, in fact, an *Epitome of the Arts and Sciences*. The style in which they are written is at once clear and simple, conveying instruction to the youthful mind in a manner unattainable by the use of more elaborate and comprehensive Works. In short, while they fix on the mind the leading facts in History, and the fundamental principles of Science, the memory is relieved from the burden of retaining a mass of minutiae with which larger Books necessarily abound, and which ought to be reserved till the ideas of youth expand sufficiently to comprehend their contents.

The Publishers also beg to observe, that the whole of their CLASS BOOKS are edited on the *Explanatory and Interrogative System* (in which every difficulty is carefully explained, and the memory assisted by Questions for the Examination of the Pupil;) beginning with Books suited to the capacities of very young Children, and extended to such as are fit for Senior Classes. Among the latter, they will only instance their new and improved Editions of Dr. Goldsmith's

HISTORIES OF ENGLAND, GREECE, AND ROME.

In these (as in every other Book on this plan) all vulgarities of style have been carefully corrected, and every improper allusion sedulously obliterated, while the most valuable and interesting matter has been added; consisting of Introductory Chapters, descriptive of the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Britons, Greeks, and Romans, and numerous Classical, Mythological, Biographical, and Geographical Notes.

Having premised thus much on the merits of the Publications issuing from their Press, the Publishers will not deign to notice the invidious remarks which have been, and still continually are, obliquely levelled at the System they have adopted, more than by observing, that, where merit is due, a liberal and discerning Public will be always found to patronise it; and the disgusting quackery of interested individuals, however pompously backed on the notice of the public, can meet with nothing more than ephemeral support. With a steady and undeviating step, the Publishers have pursued the plain, but unbeset path in which they first set out; their only aim was to facilitate the mental progress of youth, and to simplify, in some measure, the arduous, though honourable task of education: and that they have succeeded, beyond their most sanguine expectations, they may, without vanity or egotism, declare; for, independent of the rapid and increasing sale of these Publications, by which alone the public opinion might be fairly estimated, the Publishers have in their possession upwards of one thousand letters written by Teachers of eminence, from all parts of the kingdom, bestowing the most honourable encomiums on their labours, and holding out every encouragement to them to proceed in the way they have begun.

The Publishers cannot omit this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks to those friends who have, from time to time, communicated hints for improvement. They trust that they have profited by such suggestions, and that the New Editions will, on being compared with the original ones, prove that their patrons have not been disregarded. Still, however, pursuing the object in view—suffering themselves to be neither diverted from their purpose, by the jealous envy of those who would wish to be considered rivals, nor intimidated by the fulsome and egotistical addresses of such as would claim that merit which justly belongs to others, the Publishers are determined to exert every energy to render their future Editions still more deserving of that preeminence which has been awarded by a judicious Public; they have accordingly now in the Press *Superior Editions* of their Catechisms, printed on fine royal paper, designed more particularly for the use of the higher classes, where elegance of execution is of more importance than cheapness; while their regular editions, at the original prices, are continued, with improvements, which must enhance their value. Some few subjects, of equal interest to any that have been published, are still preparing, which, when

finished, will unquestionably form the most complete and comprehensive Juvenile Encyclopædia that was ever yet presented to the Public in this or any other country.

The Juvenile Encyclopædia; or, Compendium of the Arts and Sciences: consisting of the following CATECHISMS, price 9d. each:—

Arithmetic.	History of Scotland.
Ancient History.	History of Ireland.
Astronomy.	History of France.
Architecture.	History of Rome.
Agriculture.	History of Greece.
Algebra.	History of America.
Bible and Gospel.	Ichthyology.
British Geography.	Latin Grammar.
Botany.	Logic.
British Biography.	Medicine.
British Law.	Mineralogy.
Classical Biography.	Modern History.
Chemistry.	Morality.
Chronology.	Music.
Drawing.	Mythology.
Electricity.	Natural History.
Entomology.	Navigation.
English Grammar.	Ornithology.
French Grammar.	Perspective.
First Catechism.	Poetry.
General Knowledge.	Religion.
Geography.	Rhetoric.
Geometry.	Trade and Commerce.
Heraldry.	Universal History.
History of England.	

"Being led to look into these works, we have been pleasantly surprised at the variety and accuracy of the information they contain, within so small a compass, and in so excellent a form; and we must say, that more convenient, accurate, well arranged, and proper publications were never submitted to general observation."—*Lit. Gaz.* No. 39.

Also, just published, **THE LITERARY GUIDE**, for 1819. Price 1s.

N. B. School and Clerical Agency Office.

This Day is published,
THE SECOND NUMBER of the **QUARTERLY MUSICAL MAGAZINE** and **REVIEW**.

Contents:—On the Minor Key—Elements of Vocal Science—The *Ediphone*—Concert Pitch—Royal Patronage of Music, with a Fac-Simile of a Concert Bill in the Hand-writing of the King—Musical Biography of Billington—Mara, Billington, and Catalani—The Operas of H. R. Bishop—Novello's Motetto—National Melodies—Pæer's Agnese—The King's Theatre—and the Seventh Number of Irish Melodies.

Sold by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, London; Burks and Kinnebrook, Norwich; and all Booksellers.

School Books. Printed by Mr. Valpy.

VIRGIL; with English Notes at the end, original and selected from the Delphin and other Editions. No interpretation. Price 7s. 6d. bound.

Also the following, bound:

s. d.	s. d.
Virgil, without Notes, 2d Edit. - 4 0	Elegantæ Latine - 4 6
Horace, 2d Edit. - 3 6	Chronology of Ancient and English History - 3 0
Do. with English Notes to the Odes - 5 6	Latin Dialogues - 3 6
Homer's Iliad - 7 0	Principia Officiorum - 3 6
Greek Grammar, bds. 6 6	Latin Vocabulary - 3 0
Greek Delectus - 4 0	First Exercises - 1 6
Latin Grammar - 2 6	Elements of Mythology - 2 0
Latin Delectus - 2 6	Ciceronis Epistolæ - 2 0

The following are with English Notes:

s. d.	s. d.
Plautus' Four Plays - 4 6	Tacitus de Germ. et Agric. - 3 6
Epitome Sacre Hist. - 3 0	Catullus - 4 6
Cicero's Offices - 6 0	Ovid's Metamorphoses - 4 6
Cicero de Amic. et Senec. - 4 6	Greek Septuagint - 11. 8 0
Cornelius Nepos - 3 6	

Sold by Longman and Co. and all the London Booksellers; Mr. Cuming, and Archer, Dublin; Macredie and Co. Edinburgh.

*. Please to ask for Valpy's Editions of the above.

New Poem.

On Monday next will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. **THE TIMES, or Views of Society: a Poem,** with copious Notes. To which is added, an Appendix, containing various Scenes from *Four Plays*, viz. a Comic Opera, two Comedies, and a Tragedy, that were written for Drury Lane Theatre, but ultimately withdrawn from the system which the present Management has exercised against the Author; preceded by a Statement of Facts.
Printed for William Fearman, Library, 170, New Bond-st.

Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh.

This Day are published, in 8vo. price 4s. sewed, **REPORTS of the PRACTICE in the CLINICAL WARDS of the ROYAL INFIRMARY of EDINBURGH**, during the months of November and December 1817, and January 1818, and May, June, and July 1818. By ANDREW DUNCAN, Jun. M.D. F.R.S.E. &c.
Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Longman and Co. London.

Travels in Hungary.

This Day are published, in one large volume 8vo. with numerous Engravings, price 4l. 4s. bds.

TRAVELS from VIENNA through LOWER HUNGARY, with some Account of Vienna during the Congress. By RICHARD BRIGHT, M.D.

Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co.; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

Purgative Medicines.

This Day are published, in 8vo. with a Portrait of the Author, engraved by Burnet, price 10s. 6d. bds.

OBSERVATIONS on the UTILITY and ADMINISTRATION of PURGATIVE MEDICINES, in several Diseases. By JAMES HAMILTON, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c. Sixth Edition, with additions, revised by the Author.

Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. and D. Brown, Edinburgh; Longman and Co. and T. and G. Underwood, London.

Of whom may be had,

1. *Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ*, ad usum Academicum. Auctore, Jacobo Gregory, M.D. olim. med. theor. nunc. med. prac. in Acad. Edin. Prof. Editio Sexta prioribus emendatior. 16s. bds.

2. *Pharmacopœia in Usum Noso-comii Regi Edinburgensis*. 5s. bds.

This Day are published, in 4 vols. price 11. 12s. bds.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD. Second Series. Collected and Arranged by JEDIDIAH CLEISHOTHAM, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleugh.

Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

Of whom may be had,

Criminal Trials, illustrative of the Tale, entitled "The Heart of Mid Lothian," published from the original Record; with a Prefatory Notice, including some particulars of the Life of Captain John Porteus, with an Engraving of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh. One Volume, 12mo. Price 6s. in boards.

This Day is published, in Three Volumes duodecimo, price 11. 1s. bds.

WOMEN; or, Pour et Contre. A Tale. By the Author of "Bertram," a Tragedy.

'Tis good to be merry and wise;
'Tis good to be honest and true;
'Tis good to be off with the old love
Before you be on with the new.

Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

"The length of our analysis, and of our quotations, are the best proof of the pleasure with which we have read this moral and interesting tale, and may stand in place of eulogy. Let us only see what the work really deserves, a favourable reception from the public; and we trust Mr. Maturin may be moved once more to resume a species of composition so easy to a writer of rich fancy and ready powers, so delightful to the numerous class of readers, who have Gray's authority for supposing it no bad emblem of Paradise, to lie all day on a couch and read new Novels."—*Edin. Review*, No. 39, June 1818.

In a few Days will be published, in 2 vols. 12mo.

MEMOIRS of the First Thirty-two Years of the LIFE of JAMES HARDY VAUX, now transported for the Second Time, and for Life, to New South Wales. Written by Himself.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

On the 1st of February will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo.

LETTERS from the NORTH of ITALY; relating principally to the Government, Statistics, Manners, Language, and Literature of that Country. Addressed to Henry Hallam, Esq.

By WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

—North Pole.

Speedily will be published, in 1 vol. 4to. with Plates, **NARRATIVE of an ATTEMPT to DISCOVER a Passage over the North Pole to Behring's Straits.** By CAPTAIN DAVID BUCHAN, Commander of His Majesty's Ships Dorothea and Trent.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

—North-West Passage.

In January will be published, in 1 vol. 4to. with Maps, and numerous Engravings,

A VOYAGE of DISCOVERY to the ARCTIC REGIONS, in Search of a North-West Passage, in His Majesty's Ships Isabella and Alexander. By CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS, R.N. Commander of the Expedition. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Speedily will be published, in 1 vol. 4to. with a Map, and several Plates of Architecture, Costumes, Processions, &c.

AN ACCOUNT of the MISSION from CAPE COAST CASTLE to the KINGDOM of ASHANTEE, in AFRICA: comprising its History, Laws, Superstitions, Customs, Architecture, Trade, &c. To which is added, a Translation, from the Arabic, of an Account of Mr. Park's Death, &c. By THOMAS EDWARD BOWDICH, Esq. Conductor and Chief of the Embassy. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

—In a few Days will be published, The

QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XXXVIII.

Contents:—I. Iceland. Dr. Henderson's Journal of a Residence in Iceland in 1814 and 1815. Physical sketch of the island, character and condition of the inhabitants, &c.—II. Women, or Pour et Contre, a Novel. By the Author of "Bertram."—III. Samor, Lord of the Bright City, an Heroic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman.—IV. Torpedos, Steam-Boats, &c. Colden's Life of Robert Fulton.—V. History of Small-Pox and Vaccination. By James Moore.—VI. Sir Richard Phillips's Essay on the Phenomena of the Universe.—VII. Brown's Northern Courts.—VIII. Egypt. Davison's Papers on the Antiquities of Egypt. Recent Discoveries made by Mr. Salt, Mr. Caviglia, and Mr. Belzoni. Descent into the Well of the Great Pyramid, and Discovery of a second and third Chamber. Description of the Temple between the Paws of the Sphinx. Biographical Notice of Belzoni.—IX. Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets.—X. Cambridge Botanical Professorship.—1. Considerations respecting Cambridge, by Sir James Smith. 2. A Vindication of the University of Cambridge, by James Henry Monk, B.D.—XI. Bellamy's Reply to the Quarterly Review on the New Translation of the Bible.—XII. King James, Louis XIV. and Dangeau. 1. Mad. de Genlis's Abrégé des Mémoires de Dangeau. 2. Lemontey's Essai, &c.—XIII. Sir R. Wilson. Letter from Sir Robert Wilson to his Constituents, in refutation of a Charge for dispatching a false Report of a Victory to the Commander-in-Chief.—XIV. Mr. Brougham.—Education Committee. 1. First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Reports of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the Education of the Lower Orders of the Metropolis, &c. 2. Letter to Sir S. Romilly from Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. 3. Speech of Henry Brougham, Esq. 4. Letter to Sir W. Scott. 5. Vindication of Winchester, by Rev. W. L. Bowles. 6. Letter to H. Brougham, Esq. from Rev. Liscombe Clarke. 7. Letter to H. Brougham, Esq. from John Ireland, D.D. Dean of Westminster.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

*. New Editions of the former Numbers have been again reprinted, and any may now be had separately, at 6s.

In a few Days will be published, neatly printed in sm. 4to. **HUMAN LIFE. A Poem.**

By SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This Day is published, in cr. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

ANTAR, a Bedouen Romance. Translated from the ARABIC. By TERRICK HAMILTON, Esq. Oriental Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople.—Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In January will be published, the Fourth Number of **HAKEWILL'S VIEWS in ITALY**, illustrative of Eutace, Forsyth, &c. containing
I. Cascade of Terni.—II. Tomb Cecilia of Metella.—III. Arch of Trajan, at Ancona.—IV. Stanzas degli Annali.—V. Galleria delle Miscellanee.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Just published, Price 2s. in bds.

A NEW TRANSLATION of the NICHOMACHEAN ETHICS of ARISTOTLE. Oxford: Printed for R. Pearson; sold also by Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

In a few Weeks will be published,

TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL to CONGRESS. With a Preface, Notes, and Appendix.

By ONE of the FANCY.

The APPENDIX contains, among other Flash Articles, some Chaunts by Bob Gregson, the present Poet-Laureat of the Fancy.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown.

This Day is published, in 4to. with a Map, 2l. 12s. 6d. or on royal Paper, 4l. 4s. boards,

THE TRAVELS of MARCO POLO, a Venetian, in the Thirteenth Century; being a Description of that early Traveller, of remarkable Places and Things, in the Eastern Parts of the World. Translated from the Italian, with Notes.

By WILLIAM MARSDEN, F.R.S. &c.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-Row; and Black, Kingsbury, and Co. Leadenhall Street.

This Day is published, the 3d Edit. in 2 Vols. 8vo. with an entirely new Map and 14 Plates, price 3l. 9s. bds.

AN Account of the KINGDOM of CAUBUL, and its Dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India; comprising a View of the Afghann Nation, and a History of the Dooraunee Monarchy. By the Hon. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, of the Hon. East India Company's Service; Resident at the Court of Poona; and late Envoy to the King of Caubul.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-row; and John Murray, Albemarle Street.

*. A few Copies may be had in 4to. price 3l. 13s. 6d. bds.

This Day is published, in 4to. with Engravings, price 9l. 12s. 6d. boards,

TRANSACTIONS of the LITERARY SOCIETY of BOMBAY; containing Papers and Essays by—Sir James Mackintosh; Sir John Malcolm; Sir George Staunton; H. Salt, Esq.; Baron Wrede; Lieut. Col. Nicholls; Lieut. E. Frissell; Lieut. F. Irvine; Lieut. J. W. Graham; Captain E. Frederick; Captain W. Miles; J. Ross, Esq.; Captain J. Briggs; Lieut. J. Mackmurdo; W. Erskine, Esq.; J. Copland, Esq.; Captain J. Carnac; with an Appendix and a List of the Members.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-row; and J. Murray, Albemarle Street.

Cobbett's English Grammar.—Second Edition. This Day is published, by Thomas Dolby, 34, Wardour-street, Soho, and to be had of all Booksellers in Town and Country.

THE First Edition of this Book, comprehending Five Thousand Copies, was disposed of in a fortnight after its original Publication, without having any distributed according to the usual practice of the Book-selling Trade, namely, "on sale or return;" but the whole being actually sold and paid for. Such a sale is unprecedented in the annals of Bookselling. This Book, consisting of 166 pages, closely printed, and containing more matter than is usually to be found in a thick octavo volume, is sold at the cheap rate of 2s. 6d.

This Day is published, in 4 vols. 12mo. price 1l. **FAMILY; or the Wife's First Error: and Beauty and Ugliness; or, The Father's Prayer and the Mother's Prophecy: Two Tales.** By ELIZABETH BENNET, Author of "Faith and Fiction," &c. &c.
Printed for A. K. Newman and Co. Leadenhall Street.

The following will appear this Winter:—

The Black Robber, a Romance, 3 vols.

The Express. A Novel. By Frances

D'Aubigne. 3 vols.

Albany, a Tale, by the Author of The

Beau Monde, &c. 3 vols.

Man as he is: By the Author of Man as

he is not. Third Edition. 4 vols.

Bravo of Bohemia; or, The Black Forest,

Second Edition. 4 vols.

To Schoolmasters.

This Day was published, price 2s. 6d.

THE ETON LATIN GRAMMAR, with Explanatory Notes, collected from various Grammars, for the Use of Schools. By Wm. MAYOR, LL.D.

*. The sale of eight very large Impressions, containing the value of the Notes attached to this Grammar, and fully indicates the character which Dr. Mayor's Edition continues to sustain in Schools, for accuracy and neatness.

London: Printed for Lackington and Co.; Scatchard and Co.; G. and W. B. Whittaker; Longman and Co.; Baldwin and Co.; Bossey and Sons; J. Richardson; G. Wilkie; and R. Fenner.

Just republished—Sell at Nine Pence each, or bound very neatly in Two Volumes, with elegant Frontispieces, price 12s. the First Series of

DR. MAVOR'S CATECHISMS; or First Principles of Knowledge and Instruction. Written for the Use of Schools and Families.

The First Series comprises

The Nursery Catechism; being the Rudiments of early Knowledge, suitable for tender minds. General Knowledge; or a Brief Introduction to the Arts and Sciences.

History of England continued to this time.

Health, Exercise, and Recreation, with simple Rules for the Management of Children.

Universal History, Sacred and Profane.

Geography; or, a Knowledge of the Globe and its Inhabitants.

Animated Nature, a Description of the Animal Kingdom.

Botany; or, an Easy Introduction to the Vegetable Kingdom.

Laws and Constitution of England.

And, The Bible.

The success which has attended the first series of these Catechisms, and the frequent solicitations of Schoolmasters and the Public, have at length induced the author to fulfil his original intention, by the compilation of a second series.—It is trusted that the subjects which it comprises are of equal interest and utility with the former; and that the execution of them will be found to be marked by the same care and attention to the production of sound principles and correct facts, which have ensured so decided a preference to the preceding series.

Second Series.

History of Rome

—Greece

—France

Chronology and Remarkable Events

General Biography

Printed for Lackington and Co. Finsbury-Square;

Baldwin and Co. Paternoster-Row; and G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

English Poetry

English Grammar

Rhetoric & Composition

Astronomy and the Globe

Chemistry & Mineralogy

London: Printed for the Proprietors, by BENSLEY and Son, Bolt-court, Fleet-street: Published every Saturday, by HENRY COLBURN, Public Library, Conduit-street; JOHN BELL, Dealer in Newspapers, Sweeting's alley, Cornhill; and PINNOCK and MAUNDER, Booksellers, at the Literary Gazette Office, 267, Strand, where Communications (post paid) are requested to be addressed to the Editor. Also supplied, and sent Free of Postage, by all Booksellers, Newsmen, Stationers, and Clerks of the Roads, in Town or Country.